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CHRONICLE.

THE wave of indignation against the way in which the war in Madagascar has been conducted is rising rapidly in France. In one paper we find a long account, written by a doctor, of the passage of the Red Sea in the month of September, when no breeze stirs the heated air, and when the passengers come out and lie down side by side on the main deck to avoid the furnace-heat below. Then the writer pictures a transport vessel bringing the sick back from Madagascar—700 so-called convalescents, "earthy-faced spectres," with great eyes and sharp features, their skeleton frames still shaking with intermittent fever. It takes such a transport seven or eight days to pass through the strait that is passed in three or four by the fast mail steamers, and each of these seven or eight days is made terrible by a death-roll of 40 or 45, which in its turn supposes from 100 to 150 who cannot leave their beds. All those who are able to drag themselves about, spend the night in groups upon the upper deck, while the sick below gasp out the last remnant of strength. As the rate of mortality increases, the poor invalids' spirits fall; they avoid looking each other in the face; all are thinking of their old home in Brittany or Provence, and trying to nerve themselves to meet the inevitable. The doctor ends his letter by declaring that the wake of each transport ship is marked by a ghastly line of corpses, that might now be living men if proper provision had been made for the sick in the Island of Réunion.

M. Léon Daudet, in the "Figaro," takes up the parable where the doctor leaves it. It would cost 9 francs a day, he says, to take care of each sick man in the Island of Réunion, and the Republic cannot, forsooth, afford an expense which might amount to a hundredth part of what she allowed to go to shameful waste in connection with Panama. The Republic, he says, in a ghastly image, is satisfied with sharks for its sanitary officers; they do their work well and cost nothing. Then he attacks General Duchesne, who telegraphed home, it appears, that, although he had 3000 sick in the hospitals, he had still sufficient men to form the flying column. M. Léon Daudet finds, in a telegram of the Agence Havas, the reason why General Duchesne will not allow any journalists to accompany this column: "One can trace the advance," says the correspondent, "by the dead which one sees lying in the brushwood by the side of the road." And then M. Daudet appeals to Frenchmen and French mothers against this Republic, where 500 *petits maîtres* have taken the place of one, and likens the Democracy to a street-walker, aged in her twenty-fifth year with every form of vice, "staggering from shame to scandal, hoping only that she may end her days peacefully crumpling a banknote in her stiffening fingers."

While some journalists are thus whipping the public to fury, others are drawing obvious morals by comparing

the conduct of war under Louis the Fourteenth with that of the present Republic, or the disembarking of Napoleon in Egypt with the provision made by the Republic for disembarking its soldiers in Madagascar. There were foresight and order and victory; here stupidity, mistakes, and disaster. We are within the truth when we say that every mail from Madagascar intensifies the indignation felt against the present régime. Some attribute the mistakes that have been made to the jealousy between the naval and military departments, a jealousy which is easily accounted for when it is remembered that at the last moment a general was appointed to the chief command of the expedition all the plans of which had been made out by the Ministry of Marine. But the French public refuse to be satisfied with the explanation. They know in a vague, instinctive sort of way that they have always had to suffer from the jealousies of their commanding officers, that Moreau was jealous of Napoleon, and Napoleon of Kellermann, that jealousy is the French weakness, as formalism and pedantry are the weaknesses of Germany and England. They have not forgotten the mismanagement of the Tonquin expedition, and they are beginning to ascribe the sufferings of the soldiers to the form of government. Just as the Tonquin expedition prepared the way for a Boulanger, so this Madagascar expedition is preparing the way for any Frenchman who is bold enough to play for supreme power.

All this while Frenchmen are hugely pleased at the reiterated proofs of the understanding with Russia. French papers reproduce from Russian papers the statement that Prince Lobanoff was allowed to go to Mirecourt in order to impress upon the French Minister of Foreign Affairs and the French President the necessity of restraining the exuberance of French aspirations. In other words, proof was given of the alliance in order that the French might not prove it by plunging into some ill-considered adventure; but the French receive the explanation cheerfully. Russia is with them, and that is all they care for. Again and again they point with pride to the fact that British prestige in the Far East has received its first real check through the united action of France and Russia. British influence will never recover from this blow, cry the French papers; but we would venture to warn them modestly that "it is a long night that never knows a dawning." We are still masters of the sea, and the enterprise of our forefathers has given us points of vantage all over the Eastern waters.

A good many papers last week tried to explain Prince Lobanoff's presence at Mirecourt by asserting that a new Franco-Russian loan in further aid of China was to be brought out in the autumn, and that it was therefore necessary for Russia to do something to keep French gratitude alive. This explanation has since proved to be worthless. No new Franco-Russian loan has even

been discussed, but a number of French and Russian bankers have combined to establish a bank at Shanghai, with a capital of 20,000,000 of francs, which is likely to be successful, and which is intended, we learn, to make evident the fact that the financial control of China has passed from the hands of England into those of the Franco-Russian coalition. All we can say to this is that France seems to be trying to force England to join the Triple Alliance.

In the great struggle which is likely to take place upon the partition of China, we are certain of our fair share of advantages, in spite of any hostile coalition, if we will only continue to increase the strength of our fleet. It would be very difficult for France to keep a fleet afloat in Chinese waters. They can get coal, it is true, in Tonquin, but the quality, we understand, leaves a good deal to be desired; and a fleet with one coaling station is very much like a bull chained to a stake in a combat with a bull that is free. And the Russian fleet in those waters may almost be disregarded, for in truth neither a French nor a Russian fleet could get there after the declaration of war except by some gross negligence on the part of our naval officers; for where could French or Russian ships coal on the way out? Of course we are assuming that as soon as war was declared we should treat coal as a contraband of war, as rice was treated by France in the Tonquin affair.

The Japanese, it is said, have overrun more than half of Formosa, and are now moving in force against Anpin, where their opponents are making what will probably be a last stand. In a week or a fortnight at most the Japanese will hold the island from sea to sea. It is impossible not to compare this feat of the Japanese with the miserable fiasco of the French in Madagascar. The Japanese had infinitely the harder task of the two. The climate of Formosa is worse than that of Madagascar, and the Black Flags and other irregular Chinese levies were infinitely stouter opponents than the milk-blooded Hovas. The French have employed 18,000 men for a task which could have been carried out, according to their own officers, by 3000, backed by 1500 or 2000 Soudanese, and the consequence of this miscalculation is that they have already lost something like 6000 men by fever. The 200th Regiment, that went out 3000 strong, can now count only 50 healthy men, of whom 14 are officers. The Japanese, on the other hand, threw 60,000 troops into Formosa, and relieved their forces so cleverly that no soldiers were kept in the island more than a month. The consequence is they have now only 3000 in hospital, and the whole campaign will not cost them half as many lives as the French have lost.

Baron Henry de Worms is a very rich Jew who is, we learn, about to be transformed from an Austrian into an English baron. As Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies in Lord Salisbury's last Government Baron Henry de Worms was a pitiable failure. When heckled over the estimates of the Colonial Office the Baron became confused and helpless, and one of his colleagues had frequently to rescue him from his tormentors. And yet the Baron is by no means devoid of ability. He speaks languages like a Russian diplomatist or a Levantine Greek, and during the abortive negotiations with the foreign delegates about sugar bounties he was invaluable, for he could discuss "drawbacks" in Dutch, French, German, or Italian. But he had set his heart on being Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and he did not pretend to take any interest in the business of the Colonial Office, which he was too lazy to master. Baron de Worms is an effective platform speaker; he has something of Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's full-bodied style, and dearly loves spread-eagle perorations.

A good story is told about the Baron and the late Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph, as is well known, was the first parliamentary general to make of his followers a disciplined army. One night he had put Baron de Worms up to speak, hoping to "draw" Mr. Gladstone. As soon as the G. O. M. began to take notes Lord Randolph hoped the Baron would sit down; but alas! he went on. Lord Randolph pulled his coat-tail,

"Cut it short, for goodness sake!" But in spite of the hint the Baron continued. Suddenly Lord Randolph lost his temper; leaning forward he plucked the Baron's coat again, "Sit down, I say," and down the Baron sat. By-the-by, dear old Smith once ventured to pull Mr. Matthews's coat-tails, whereupon Lord Landaff, turning round, and glaring through his spectacles at Old Morality, said with much asperity, "Really, I cannot undertake to conduct the debate if I am to be interrupted in this way." Old Smith shrugged his shoulders, but never took the liberty again. Baron de Worms was more humble, or rather the difference between Mr. Smith and Lord Randolph Churchill was enormous.

Every one who takes an interest in sport will be sorry to hear of the death of M. Lupin, who was one of the founders of the French Jockey Club and a member of the English Jockey Club as well. He was the owner and breeder of Jouvence, which was the first horse bred in France that won a race of any importance in England. This mare won the Goodwood Cup in 1853, a feat which M. Lupin repeated in 1864 with Dollar. Altogether, M. Lupin won the French Derby five times, the Grand Prix de Paris twice, and the Prix de Diane, the French Oaks, three times. For the last three or four years he has scarcely existed physically; he lived in bed. But up to his eightieth year he had retained his vigour of body. His chief interest to the last was his stable. He was kept informed of all turf events by his nephew, the Count de Clermont-Tonnerre. He received the Legion of Honour in 1889, and would probably have been given the officer's cross of that Order this year had he lived.

The Chicago Convention of "physical-force" Irish-Americans has been treated much more intelligently by both the regular and special cable correspondents than might have been expected. Of course it is worth while, as a matter of news, to have some record of what the Finertys and Flahertys said, but beyond that the affair deserves no attention. The dissensions among the Irish leaders here at home are faithfully reflected, and even exaggerated, by the feuds and antagonisms which rive their followers in America. There is no Irish party anywhere, on either side of the Atlantic. Factions there are, which expend their energies in fighting each other. Possible conspirators are always to be found, too, but money is needed to set their machinery working, and no Irishman is visible who desires to send more good dollars after the millions which have gone to the bad. The Chicago gathering may place certain politicians in a position to make money out of the forthcoming Presidential campaign in America, but it concerns no one else.

The well-known yachtsman, Mr. John Gretton, jun., has written to the "Times" "to protest against a condemnation of Lord Dunraven's course of action before the whole of the facts are clearly known. It is hardly manly," he says, "to abuse our countryman unheard on the first news of his failure to win the cup." So far as we have seen Lord Dunraven has never been blamed for not winning the cup: he was blamed for behaving like a spoiled child by withdrawing from the third race on a silly pretext. No one knew better than Lord Dunraven that according to the conditions of the deed of gift all the races for the Cup have to be sailed over the New York Yacht Club Course, and when Lord Dunraven asked the Yacht Club Committee to choose another course he asked them to do what it was impossible for them to do, and when they declined, he withdrew from the race. This is why we blame him, and Mr. Gretton's praise of his "fairness and good temper" is beside the mark.

We now hear from the "Times" correspondent in New York that "there is something more than a possibility of a meeting between the Defender and Valkyrie III." As the contest would not be for the "America" Cup, we confess to little interest in the result, though we feel sure that if a race is finally arranged, the odds in favour of Defender will be heavy. We are satisfied for this year to regard the English yacht as beaten, and to hope for better luck in 1896, when Mr. Rose's yacht, The Distant Shore, will compete for the famous trophy.

Sir Robert Giffen's Report on the Wages of the Manual Labour Classes completes the series of similar reports on wages already issued by the Board of Trade. The returns apply chiefly to the years 1885 and 1886. The tables show that about 40 per cent of the manual labourers in England receive 20s. per week and under, in Scotland over 50 per cent, and in Ireland somewhat more than 78 per cent. In England, too, more than 4 per cent of the men received wages of more than 40s., in Scotland 1.3 per cent of the men, and in Ireland over 2 per cent, the best class of manual labourer being distinctly more numerous in Ireland than in Scotland, which says a good deal for the intelligence of the Irish Celt and the instruction he receives. The final result, after taking all classes of workmen into account, is that "the average rate of wages in the United Kingdom in 1886 was 24s. 7d. a week, or £64 per annum, if the weekly rate is multiplied by 52." In this last clause we find the very soul of Sir Robert Giffen: he is careful to a fault, painstaking to weariness, and uses English as if it were a mathematical instrument with stiff joints.

Revived interest in some possible compromise of the standing grievance between Vatican and Quirinal raises afresh a consideration of the alternatives before the Pope. It is clear enough that he cannot have Rome. With what else will he be content? The project imputed by rumour to Cardinal Galimberti, and supposed to be favoured by an important section of his colleagues, has in view, we are told, the carving out of a new territory on Italian soil which shall contain a seaport, and shall be under the absolute sovereignty of the Pope. But, even if the higher contracting Powers agree to come to some such bargain, where is the community in Italy to be found, no matter how meek or lowly, which would consent to pass under the harrow of clerical civil government? Even in the most backward and primitive parts of the Peninsula, the lesson that it is better to deal with the harshest of secular despotisms than with the sweetest priestly rule *plus metaphysical* claims upon the soul and mind, has been fully learned. The Italian kingdom would have to find the new principedom for the Pope, and conquer his new subjects for him besides.

The municipality of Avignon, we hear, has been fired by the notion of getting the Pope to come there, and even the stoutest Radicals in the town council are prepared to vote money for the restoration of the mediæval Papal palace and extensive grounds for his reception. This proposal would be fantastically absurd, were it not for the faint possibility that it conceals some vague project lurking in the French Ministerial mind. But there may be an idea in Paris of taking advantage of the present Pontiff's death, which in the nature of things may easily come soon, to assume that a free election of his successor cannot be held in Rome, and to offer Avignon instead to the College of Cardinals for its meeting-place. Such a step would have large political merits, of a sort. It would restore the Republic to her position as the heir to the Monarchy—the eldest child of the Church—and the fact that the Government had "scored off" the Italians would probably counterbalance the grumbling of the anti-clerical party at home. This scheme of settling the Temporal Sovereignty problem, or at least of rearranging its conditions, may be worth watching.

The various attempts to attribute the defeat of the English athletes in New York to the weather, or to the fact that the team was representative only of London and not of Great Britain, seem not a little absurd. Surely we are strong enough to accept defeat without endeavouring to explain it away in this fashion. Even if we had been able to send our best men, the difference in the result would have been slight. The half-mile record would still have gone to America, for Bredin's record is 1 min. 55½ sec., and Kilpatrick made a world's record of 1 min. 53½ sec. We should have lost the hundred yards also, as Bradley, who competed, is our champion. Had John Ryan been included it is hardly to be expected that he would have beaten Sweeney's record of 6 ft. 5½ in. for the high jump, his own best jump being 6 ft. 4½ in. On the other hand, had Bacon represented us, he would in all likelihood have won the mile, as he holds the world's amateur record of

4 min. 17 sec., and Conneff's time was 4 min. 18½ sec. The Americans would have retained the 220 yards, for there again they achieved a world's record; and the rest of the events would have gone to them. Consequently, at our best we should have been able to secure only a single point.

Jean Moréas, the author of the "Pélerin Passionné," "Les Cantilènes," and other volumes of poetry, has sent to the "Figaro" a paper eulogizing the classic methods and traditions. He will write no more irregular verses (*vers libres*)—Sophocles and Virgil, Racine and Lafontaine, never indulged in such vagaries. "Look how Shakespeare and Goethe," he says, "barbarians as they were by race, tried to profit by the Latin and Greek models. They were well advised in seeking to restrain and regulate as far as they could their wild temperaments within the beautiful ordered limits prescribed by the genius of antiquity. But the French poet would be laughable who tried to borrow from a Saxon or a German; there is nothing to get from these races. A Saxon or a German art has never existed." And yet, if we take a Slav like Turgenieff for judge, there is no music like German music and no poetry in the world's literature equal to English poetry. But it would be a pity to take the judgments of M. Moréas too seriously. If it is true to say that there is no smoke without a fire, it is also true that much smoke means little fire, and in M. Moréas there is a great deal of smoke.

A short time ago we attacked Lord Rosebery for pretending to honour literature by giving knighthoods to gentlemen like Mr. Walter Besant and Mr. Lewis Morris, who have no other connection with literature than that they wrote voluminously. But now "Truth" shows us that Mr. Balfour has fallen into an error very similar to Lord Rosebery's; he has given the Rev. George Brooks, of Halesworth, £200 from the Royal Bounty Fund, and Mr. Labouchere has shown, in his own inimitable manner, that the Rev. George Brooks is a begging letter-writer of the lowest type. In 1886 Brooks was a Home Rule candidate for Durham. For years afterwards he wrote Radical paragraphs for "Truth." He became a Conservative as soon as his begging letters placed him in a position of comparative affluence. This is the way Mr. Labouchere puts it: "In 1887 he was a bankrupt. . . . In 1890, if not earlier, he begins his appeal to rich men. We find him, by his own admissions, getting £200 to £300 in this way during the next year. In 1891 he removes to his comfortable quarters at Halesworth, and there for the next four years we have him living with his wife and six children in the style described by my representative, keeping his five or six servants and his pair of horses, renting a second house for his own convenience, paying his way promptly, and to all appearance never wanting for a plentiful supply of ready money"—and all this on the proceeds of begging, and begging only. The editor of "Truth" shows Brooks to be the professional beggar at his worst, "ready to pour out a torrent of abuse on the man he was a moment before beslaving, as soon as he sees that there is nothing to be got out of him." Mr. Labouchere proposes that as Mr. Balfour has been taken in so foolishly, he should pay the £200 out of his own pocket. This is a reasonable suggestion, which Mr. Balfour may perhaps carry into effect. But can nothing be done to Brooks? Are some beggars to be punished for asking for coppers in the streets, while the Brookses are to be rewarded for obtaining thousands.

In his patronage of learning Lord Balfour of Burleigh has been a little more successful than Mr. Balfour or Lord Rosebery when they tried to honour letters; he has appointed Mr. George Saintsbury to the Chair of English Literature in Edinburgh University. Of course, either Professor Raleigh or Mr. Churton Collins would have been an infinitely better choice; both these men are sound scholars, and have approved themselves as good teachers. It was thought at one time that Mr. W. E. Henley would have been appointed, but such a selection was above Lord Balfour of Burleigh's imagining. The Queen, it is said, is now being pressed to make Mr. Henley the Poet Laureate. The appointment would not be unfit if Mr. William Morris and Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Coventry Patmore had previously refused the post.

THE BECHUANALAND RAILWAY COMPANY.

ANOTHER "DEAL" OF MR. CECIL RHODES!

A WEEK or two has elapsed since the prospectus of the Bechuanaland Railway Company, Limited, was published. The investing public, eager to obtain 5 per cent on the debentures of an enterprise which is to be heavily subsidized by Her Majesty's Government, subscribed the £900,000 asked for (part of a total of £1,300,000), and nothing now remains, one might think, but to complete the railway up to Palapye, or even to Buluwayo. For Mr. Chamberlain, it must be presumed, has given his consent to the building of this railway, or, what is more probable, has confirmed the consent given by his predecessor, the Marquis of Ripon. There is no concealment made of the fact that the Bechuanaland Railway Company, Limited, is an offshoot of the Chartered Company; three of its four directors are the working directors of the Chartered Company—the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Alfred Beit, Esq., and Rochefort Maguire, Esq.; and the Chartered Company, not content with guaranteeing the payment of interest on the debenture stock of the railway company for a period of twenty years, and with handing over to it 8000 square miles of land in Bechuanaland, also subsidizes it for ten years, to the tune of £10,000 a year. Nothing could be handsomer or more generous, it would seem, than the conduct of the directors of the Chartered Company towards the Bechuanaland railway; and some would say that it well became the Chartered Company to act liberally towards this railway, which is designed to open up its own territories. But whether it was distrust of human nature, or past experience of Mr. Rhodes's ingenuity, or—something warned us that the Chartered Company would not be so liberal without some better reason. In consequence of this doubt, we sent for the Parliamentary papers on the subject and studied them, and our doubts were confirmed.

These papers tell an almost incredible story, a story which, of course, later Parliamentary papers may modify or possibly alter completely; but the official revelations answer so exactly to our fears that we are convinced that the matter stands substantially as set forth. The story is of interest not only to all the inhabitants of South Africa, but also to all persons who are interested in seeing how a handful of men can secure to themselves a gigantic monopoly and exploit it for their own benefit. When Sir H. B. Loch first wrote, on 19 September, 1891, to Lord Knutsford in regard to this railway, he advocated its construction mainly on account of the benefit it would confer on British Bechuanaland. He estimated that the railway would bring about a saving of between £30,000 and £40,000 a year, by reducing the cost of the transport of mails and of forage and Government stores, and by diminishing the number of the Bechuanaland Border police. In exchange for this large saving the Bechuanaland Government was asked to give a subsidy of £25,000 a year for five years. On this basis the project took shape. In consideration of the subsidy it was proposed that the railway should carry the mails for nothing, the Government stores for nothing, and the officers and men of the police at half-price. The Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, however, fought shy of the business. In February, 1892, Mr. Beit, having gone out to Capetown, wrote to Sir Henry Loch estimating what the new line would cost and marshalling the arguments in its favour. Mr. Rhodes, too, joined in with a proposal that the Imperial subsidy should be £20,000 a year for ten years, and the subsidy of the Chartered Company should be £10,000 a year for ten years. In April, 1892, Mr. Rhodes came to London and pressed the matter vigorously. Letter after letter was sent to Lord Knutsford. But Lord Knutsford would not be hurried, and when he was pushed for an answer he referred the matter to the Treasury and got an immediate *non possumus*, which allowed him time to deliberate at leisure. Perpetual postponement is not a noble line of action, but Lord Knutsford had had experience of Mr. Rhodes. He knew all about the granting of the charter and how he had been duped then, and he preferred to do nothing rather than again find himself outmanœuvred, we cannot

say outwitted. And thus ended the first act of this little comedy.

As soon as a Liberal Government was returned to power the confederates ventured to act boldly. Sir H. B. Loch sent a Memorandum to the Colonial Office, setting forth "the basis on which the High Commissioner is prepared to submit proposals to Her Majesty's Government for the construction of the railway; the proposed conditions to be as follows: Her Majesty's Government to contribute £20,000 per annum for ten years; the British South Africa Company and the Telegraph Company to contribute £10,000 for a like period; 8000 square miles in British Bechuanaland to be assigned to the promoters of the extension of the line to Palapye; and, fourthly, the High Commissioner to arrange with the chiefs through whose territory the railway would be carried for the free transfer of the land required for its construction, for stations and for small townships." And then follows a provision which makes a man accustomed to affairs rub his eyes in wonder: "These transfers to be made either to a railway company formed for building the line or to the British South Africa Company, on condition of the requisite capital for the railway being raised." This last clause is of such an extraordinary character, and is destined to assume such extravagant proportions, that we must now inquire into its conception and trace its growth. In the negotiations which went on in 1891 we find simply a line in a Memorandum of Sir Charles Metcalfe, who writes that he "contemplated asking Khama for a grant of land for a township at Sofala, the point of junction of the diverging lines to Tati and Macloutsie, and Sir Charles Metcalfe further understands "that the land for the railway sidings and stations will be granted free." We note in passing that Khama's authority is acknowledged here, an admission which later becomes important. The next mention of this proposal that the land for the railway should be free, is in a Minute from the High Commissioner to Mr. Beit in Capetown, rehearsing what Mr. Beit regards as the necessary conditions for the construction of the railway. The third of these conditions reads as follows: "that Her Majesty's Government arrange with the several chiefs through whose territory the railway is to pass, that land required for railway purposes, including, at certain places, sufficient area on which to form small townships, should be free grants to the Company." Although the concession has grown considerably since its first mention, there still seems to be nothing unreasonable in it, and so the matter rested till Lord Knutsford practically refused to have any more dealings with Mr. Rhodes, and till Sir H. B. Loch sent the patronizing Memorandum, from which we have already quoted, to the Colonial Office. In this Memorandum the proposal is made that the land for the railway should be transferred either to the railway company or to the British South Africa Company, on the condition of "the requisite capital for the railway being raised"—as if there could be any difficulty in raising capital for a line to which the Imperial Government was about to grant a subsidy for ten years that amounted to 2 per cent on the whole capital required, besides 8000 square miles of land, and the land for railway sidings, stations, and small townships. One might have thought that the Chartered Company would have been highly delighted to have thus got a railway constructed which would open up their out-of-the-way territories, for the ridiculous sum of £100,000, spread over ten yearly payments. But so far from this being the case, it is now (we are speaking of October, 1892, a year after the negotiations were entered upon) that Mr. Rhodes first shows what he wants. He recognizes that he is dealing with the Marquis of Ripon, and not with Lord Knutsford, who, as we have said before, knows Mr. Rhodes, for it is in a letter to Sir Henry Loch, written from the Norham Castle on the eve of his departure from England, that he comes out in his true colours. After rehearsing once more what he is prepared to do, and what Her Majesty's Government should do, he adds:

"It is likewise understood that no so-called concessions which may be alleged to have been granted subsequent to the date of the charter, in the territories to the north of British Bechuanaland, shall be recognized by Her Majesty's Government, and that those which may be alleged to have been granted prior to that date

shall be closely inquired into by a competent Court, for the purpose of being finally adjudicated upon, according to their merits, by Her Majesty's Government. Further, that the British South Africa Company shall, with the approval and support of Her Majesty's Government, acquire concessions for land and minerals in these territories, such concessions, with a view to the development of the country as speedily as possible, and for the purposes of good government, to be subject to whatever conditions may be mutually agreed upon between us."

The reference to an understanding seems to indicate that Mr. Rhodes had talked over this question of "so-called (*sic*) concessions" with the Marquis of Ripon, and had easily hoodwinked Her Majesty's Colonial Secretary; for what on earth had the Chartered Company done to entitle it to impose such a condition upon Her Majesty's Government, a condition contrary to the very spirit of English law, for it is frankly retrospective in its character, and is as inexpedient as it is manifestly unjust? Its effect, of course, is to give to the Chartered Company the absolute monopoly in regard to both lands and minerals in all the territories to the north of British Bechuanaland. Lord Ripon places no limit to the gift he confers upon the monopolists: Mr. Rhodes's power may extend to the Zambesi or to Timbuctoo so far as Lord Ripon is concerned. Of course this monstrous understanding, which required all Mr. Rhodes's impudence even to put in black and white, could not be upheld. Once removed beyond the magic of Mr. Rhodes's persuasiveness, Lord Ripon begins to suffer from lucid intervals. Sir Henry Loch has written to him, and has entitled the precious "understanding" the "pre-emptive right of the Company to obtain concessions in the Protectorate." By this "pre-emptive right" Lord Ripon understands "that a preferential or temporarily exclusive right is intended," which "is only to be recognized for a period fixed with the consent of the Government, and in Lord Ripon's opinion it should be one of the terms of an arrangement that the privilege should be used with diligence, and should terminate if never used." The idiotic qualification of this statement, which practically grants illimitable time as well as illimitable space to Mr. Rhodes's monopoly, enables us to gauge Lord Ripon's pre-eminent unfitness to deal with such a man as Mr. Rhodes. And now this sad and shameful story is to be lit up by a ray of humour which reveals the naked absurdity of the grotesque arrangement. In December 1892, Lord Ripon wrote to Sir Henry Loch setting forth the whole of the agreement between himself and what is practically the Chartered Company, and in this document he is compelled to declare that "the undertaking of the Government not to recognize as valid concessions subsequent in date to the charter shall not be deemed to include grants by chiefs to individuals of sites for houses, stores, schools, chapels, and for garden and grazing grounds found in actual occupation." The outcome of the matter is that Her Majesty's Government has pledged itself to rob Khama and other independent chiefs of their most valuable rights and privileges, and to confer these rights and privileges upon the Chartered Company, but it objects to stealing chapels and schools, and will not undertake to evict tenants in actual occupation. And for this astounding concession Mr. Rhodes gives—nothing. No wonder he boasts that he can "deal" with any one: Her Majesty's Ministers are certainly as wax in his hands.

But the position of robber which Her Majesty's Government, under the sage guidance of Lord Ripon, so lightly assumes has certain inconveniences. Lord Ripon concluded his onesided bargain with Mr. Rhodes, and then vanished from the scene, leaving Mr. Chamberlain, his successor in office, to carry out his precious bargain. But now come Khama, Bathoen, and Sebele to protest against this arrangement between the Imperial Government and the Chartered Company, by which they are defrauded. Khama, as an earnest Christian, thinks more of the moral wellbeing of his subjects than of his pecuniary advantage. As long as Mr. Rhodes does not poison his young men with bad liquor, Khama is content to abandon to him land for the railway sidings and small townships, as well as the "pre-emptive" right to all minerals that may be found within his dominions; but Bathoen and Sebele are not so self-sacrificing. They stand on their rights as independent

chiefs, and Bathoen, in particular, is in a peculiar position; he has already sold the concession for a railway through his dominions to the Kanya Company (in which, we believe, Mr. Barney Barnato at one time held shares), and has received the monetary consideration stipulated. If Mr. Chamberlain tries, according to Lord Ripon's senile undertaking, to rob the Kanya Company for the benefit of the Chartered Company, the Kanya Company may take the matter into the law courts, where it is perfectly certain that Lord Ripon's undertaking will be quashed as contrary to the very spirit of English law. Of course this will not happen. Mr. Rhodes will once more be generous to Her Majesty's Secretary for the Colonies. Just as he gave up the schools and chapels which Lord Ripon had practically given him, so now he will propose to buy out the concession of the Kanya Company at a moderate figure, in consideration, of course, of a promise that Mr. Chamberlain will uphold his "pre-emptive right" to the minerals "in the territories north of Bechuanaland." And so the mineral wealth of half a continent will be handed over in perpetuity to Mr. Rhodes and his group. Will Mr. Chamberlain consent to play this ignoble part? He has spoken passionately against monopolies in the past. Will he consent to establish the most gigantic monopoly ever known? or will he face Mr. Rhodes and tear up Lord Ripon's disgraceful arrangement as contrary both to law and equity? Mr. Chamberlain is to be tried as by fire sooner than we had imagined: the result will show his worth. Already in South Africa, Mrs. Cronwright-Schreiner, at one time a great admirer of Mr. Rhodes, has spoken and written against Mr. Rhodes's attempt to establish monopolies which will impoverish millions yet unborn in South Africa in order to enrich a handful of speculators. In our next week's issue we propose to publish extracts from her protest.

FOREIGN COMPETITION AND THE IRON TRADE.

IT is so seldom that in this country employers and employed unite for a common purpose, that when they do so the fact should be noted as a remarkable economic and social departure. This is more especially the case when the object in view is not of the petty and sordid character that often crops up and causes serious differences between capital and labour, but one of a comprehensive, national, and far-reaching character, which takes account of issues that are of unusual magnitude and importance as affecting a great staple industry. This description is strictly and peculiarly applicable to the inquiry that has recently been carried out in Germany and Belgium under the auspices of the British Iron Trade Association. Alarmed by the rapid and extensive advances that were being made by the iron manufacturers of Germany and Belgium, in outside markets, hitherto almost exclusively occupied by our own manufacturers, that Association determined on making an inquiry into the conditions of the cost of manufacture on the Continent of Europe, so far at least as iron and steel were concerned. As, however, the matter was one that was almost as important to the workmen as to the employers—inasmuch as loss of work is almost as serious an evil as loss of capital—it was decided to invite the co-operation of the trade-unions for the purposes of the contemplated inquiry. Fortunately it happens—thanks to the excellent sentiments engendered and fostered by boards of conciliation and arbitration—that the relations of employers and employed in the iron industry of this country are exceptionally cordial and friendly, so that there was not much difficulty in carrying out this programme. The trade-unions connected with the iron industry readily acquiesced in the proposal to become identified with the proposed inquiry, which, therefore, became a joint investigation of the facts and conditions of foreign competition.

An examination of the statistics of the trade makes it clear that Germany has of late years made much greater progress than our own country. A very few figures will make this apparent. In 1880 Great Britain produced 7,749,000 tons and Germany 2,729,000 tons of pig iron. But in 1894 Great Britain only produced about 7,200,000 tons, while Germany produced 5,382,000 tons. In other words, the British production had declined by

nearly half a million tons, whereas the production of Germany had about doubled. This in itself is not necessarily a danger to the United Kingdom, because the iron output of Germany, like that of Italy, Austria-Hungary, and the United States, might conceivably be almost wholly consumed at home. But when we come to compare the returns and exports we find that this is very far from being the case. Nearly one-half of the total production of iron in Germany is exported, and the exports have been increasing of late years at a rate that would soon leave Germany by far the most important iron-exporting country in the world. To go no farther back than 1880, we find that in that year the total iron exports of Germany only amounted to 1,301,000 tons, whereas in 1894 the exports had risen to 2,008,000 tons. From the United Kingdom, on the other hand, the iron exports amounted in 1880 to 2,883,000 tons, and in 1894 to considerably less than that figure. In other words, Germany has made enormous advances, while Great Britain has fallen behind. This was a truly alarming condition of things, and one which the British Iron Trade Association did well to face as they have done.

The report of the delegation which visited the iron and steel works of Continental Europe, which may now be daily looked for, is likely to show that the Belgian and German establishments are much more ahead of our typical works in this country than is generally supposed. While we, in England, have been resting on our oars, and following the easy-going and somewhat old-fashioned usages to which we had become accustomed in consequence of the greater antiquity and conservatism of our practice, the Germans and the Belgians, having largely to create an industry that was already long-established in England, have exerted themselves to acquire a full knowledge of the most advanced practice and the most perfect processes and appliances. The consequence of all this has been, that while in England we are no further on than we were many years ago, the Germans, like the Americans, have been making new and improved departures in every direction, and their equipment to-day is, as a rule, at least equal to our own, and in some cases markedly superior. It appears that the Germans, at any rate, have no marked advantage over our own works in reference to wages. The rates ordinarily paid, except to some of the more highly skilled and responsible workmen, such as rollers, do not greatly differ as between the two countries. In Belgium the rates of wages appear ordinarily to take a considerably lower range. Both countries, of course, still enjoy a considerable amount of protection, and there can be no doubt that this enables them to sell to outside markets more cheaply than they otherwise would be likely to do, while it is even asserted that as they can sell to their own people at large profits, they can afford to place a remainder of their production in outside markets at a loss.

HELP FOR THE FARMERS.

THE Duke of Devonshire, as is his way, was unable to reassure farmers last week with any prospect of a revival in agriculture. His floods of common-sense must have drowned the hopes of many a trusting agriculturist. Indeed, it is enough to make our farmers despair. A Royal Commission has been sitting for ever so long, large sums of money have been expended, hundreds of expert witnesses have been examined, and innumerable and valuable statistics have been gathered; and yet so far we are able to offer little or no encouragement to the industry in question. What will come of the Commission remains yet to be seen, but at the most we can anticipate nothing more authoritative or original than mild and innocuous recommendations such as issued from the late Commission on the Poor Law. Certainly, it will not be for lack of evidence that the Commission fails, if fail it must. Not only is there abundance of testimony, if we had needed it, that agriculture is in a lamentable condition, but there is also a surfeit of schemes for its relief, contained in the pages of the various Blue-books. There can be no question that this problem has now advanced to such proportions that it may not be ignored, even by Parliament. Indeed, no inconsiderable factor in the determination of the General Election was the hope that the Unionists would do what they could in behalf of the farmer.

That they will do so we believe, for it is not too much to say that not Ireland, not the unemployed, not Local Veto, but the condition of agriculture is the great and instant problem of the day. During the last twenty years prices have fallen so enormously as to leave scarcely a sufficient margin for bare livelihood. As a result the tendency has been continuously to throw the land out of cultivation and to convert it into grass land. In the twenty years between 1873 and 1893, no less than 1,735,631 acres were thrown out of cultivation in England alone, whereas the permanent pasturage increased in that period by 2,890,564 acres. The facts, indeed, are too familiar to require emphasis. The tale of woe has been sounded in our ears for so long that it hardly needs repetition.

What, then, is to be done? for it appears very plain that something must be done if we are to keep even the remnants of the industry which was once the backbone of England. We may premise that little more can be expected in the way of reduction of rent. The landowner, indeed, *quâ* landowner, suffers equally and impartially with his tenant. The rents of land have been reduced within these twenty years by amounts varying in different districts from 10 to 40 per cent. Nor is that all; the charges upon the land, which in a majority of cases are borne by the landowner, have materially increased. The most striking evidence in this connection was given before the Commission by Mr. W. H. Hall, of the famous Six Mile Bottom Estate in Cambridgeshire. According to the documents put in by that gentleman, who owns 5600 acres in Cambridgeshire, and may be taken as a typical case of the good landlord, in 1883 the gross income for rents amounted to £7258, omitting fractions; outgoing, that is to say tithes, rates and taxes, improvement charges, buildings, repairs, and the like, were £3779. The net income was, therefore, £3478 odd. In 1888 the gross rental had declined to £5551, the outgoing stood at £3255, and the net income at £2296. In 1892 the rental had diminished still further to £5105, the outgoing had increased to £4035, and the net income had sunk to £1070; that is to say, in ten years there was a decline of 70 per cent on the net profit. Mr. Hall declared that he could reduce his rents no further, and that if it was demanded of him he must go. It further appeared that although he gave his tenants eight months' credit, he had difficulty in collecting more than 50 per cent of his rents at the half-yearly rent audit. In fine, it is manifest that tenants are too poor to pay even the largely reduced rents, and that landowners similarly cannot afford to make any further concessions without practically giving the land away. In the same way those who attribute the agricultural depression to the law of primogeniture and the existence of vast estates and what not, are as utterly foolish as those who think the difficulty is created by the heartless landlord. It may or may not be a good thing that large estates should be broken up, and it may or may not be a good thing that land should be capable of ready transfer; these matters scarcely touch the fringe of the greater question as to what is the cause of the present depression. Even Mr. Fletcher Moulton, who is not a friendly witness to landowners, has declared that the decay of agriculture is due to very different causes. The origin of the evil lies much deeper. It may be beyond the power of Government to make with any accuracy a diagnosis of the disease, but that much might be done to assist the dwindling fortunes of the farmer is manifest.

An interesting inquiry was undertaken last year by the County Council and Chamber of Agriculture of Shropshire in conjunction. A circular was sent out to the various farmers of the shire inviting responses to a number of questions. The replies which were received from more than a hundred suggested a number of remedies for the present ills. As the suggestions represented mainly the farmers' interest, some are naturally biased, and therefore negligible; but all the same we give them for what they are worth: (1) A reduction of rent, which we believe to be impracticable; (2) the taxation of foreign imports, *i.e.* fair trade, if not protection; (3) the lowering of railway rates; (4) the institution of light railways; (5) the amendment of the Agricultural Holdings Act; (6) security of tenure, and formation of land courts and boards of arbitration; (7) the division of rates; (8) the revision and adjustment of

the incidence of taxation; (9) the application of the Merchandise Marks Act to foreign produce; (10) co-operation, to bring producer and consumer into correspondence; (11) bimetallism; (12) a Pure Beer Bill, to stimulate the brewing of beer from barley, malt, and hops; (13) a bonus on the growth of wheat; (14) an alteration of the Tithe Commutation Act, 1836, so that the tithe might be based on the rateable value of the land instead of on the gross produce.

Now, of these fourteen proposals five, certainly, may be commended to the earnest attention of the Government; namely, 3, 8, 9, 12, and 14. It is already understood that Lord Salisbury will tackle the question of railway rates. The farmers complain bitterly that the tariff of the railways is favourable to the foreign producer; that is, that it costs less to send from France to London than from the provinces to London. We believe that there is a vast amount of justice in this charge, and the sooner the inequality is remedied the better. In this connection the proposal to utilize light railways in the remoter districts deserves serious consideration. So much advantage has accrued from the experiment in Ireland that there is really no reason why it should not be tried in this country. The cost might be charged upon a county council rate; and since Mr. Chamberlain is contemplating Imperial loans for colonial purposes, there is no reason why we should not extend to our countrymen at home the privilege which we are preparing to confer upon them abroad. A division of rates between landlord and tenant would make little difference to either; but a readjustment of taxation, so as to equalize property of all sorts, would more materially affect the landowner, and consequently his tenant. The application of the Merchandise Marks Act to foreign producers would, it is hoped, bring about an increased sale of English meat, and as it is common knowledge that frozen mutton is sold for English mutton in many butchers' shops, there is no doubt that this alteration would be extremely helpful. Similarly, a Pure Beer Act would increase the demand for barley, and, according to testimony, over one-fourth of England barley is now the only hope of the farmer. Tithes, we know, are a difficult question, but the request that they should be based on the rateable value and not on the gross produce of the land seems reasonable enough to merit attention. Certainly a charge of five shillings an acre on a rent of one pound sounds preposterous. In regard to the tenth suggestion, Messieurs the farmers must commence, but legislation might very well offer them some encouragement and advice. In all trades the middleman is the difficulty. It is certain that he gets more than his share, and an experiment of elimination would do no harm and probably a great deal of good. Finally, we have a suggestion to add of our own. The English farmer knows nothing of technical education and cares less for it. Yet, unless he is a fool, he should see that a better knowledge of his craft would enable him to compete with foreign producers upon more equitable terms. We will take one instance in case. The great quality desired in butter by large buyers is "uniformity." The Danish makers by their more scientific systems are able to sell uniform butter at a fixed price, and consequently it has not only a larger market in England, but commands a higher price. Successful attempts have been made in some counties to start dairy factories, but the bulk of the farmers are too ignorant, or too conservative, to change their methods. Yet factory butter sells at three-pence a pound more than the random butter from the farms. What is wanted is organization. Wherever these factories have been started they have proved beneficial to farmers and consumers alike. Whatever public and private spirit can do in furthering these and similar enterprises, will be greatly to the profit of agriculture.

A JANGLE OF CURATES.

THERE is no doubt that if the curates (by which we mean the assistant curates) band together for the redress of their wrongs and set these forth soberly, they will obtain much sympathy from the public. The very name of curate, as Sydney Smith says, has something lean and pathetic about it. The curate is a comic character on the stage dramatic and the stage vital; he

fares hard, and has to walk humbly. We disbelieve in his abilities, and dislike his vocal intonation; we sidet under his sermons, and smile at the attention paid him by the ladies. But, at bottom, we rather esteem him, as the poor fellow who does the work and gets the kicks, and should like to see him less humble and Heep-like. But the proposed Curates' Union is on wrong lines and in wrong hands. A bustling, egoistical little man of the name of Thackeray has the customary quarrel with his vicar, and gets the customary dismissal. Forthwith he raises war-cries, spends his money in riotous advertising, hires Sion College, and invites his priestly brethren to the fray. The incumbents come in force, and bring with them their more docile curates. Poor Dr. Thackeray is overborne and outvoted in his own hall, and shouted down. He had invited the enemy to the battle, and they had every right to come and to stifle him by their votes if they could. They availed themselves of his chivalry to win an inglorious and indecorous victory over him. The speeches on both sides were in execrable taste. On the one side the war-cry was raised about personal grievances only. The demand was not for justice and opportunity for the discharge of duty; it was for more bread and fish and, greater *prestige*. On the other side, the protest was made against curates' unions, because the bishops are impeccable gentlemen; because curates' unions would spoil the unionists' slender hopes of preferments; and, finally, because it is low to have a union: it is like plasterers and bricklayers; and respectability forbids the shabby-genteel curate to enjoy the blessings of association. Respectability, indeed, in the shape of many well-groomed incumbents did effectually forbid this union, at least for a time; although both sides might have learnt much from societies which make no pretence to be so eminently respectable but still do not riot immoderately.

In spite of the confused issues, the fact does remain that the anarchy in the Church of England is quite intolerable. It is the merest chance whether an able and zealous priest will get a freehold for life, or grow old and sour as a menial drudge. Age, merit, ability, diligence, a discerning eye and a ready tongue, all count for nothing. No one in authority knows anything about mere curates; no one wants to know. If disputes arise, as one speaker pithily put it, "the freeholder sides with the freehold." This curate question actually sends out a ray of hope that the whole question may ultimately be settled. The incumbent cannot well be stripped of his privileges, but the curate may be levelled upward. He may be made, what he is already in theory, the servant, not of the incumbent, but of the parish, the fellow-curate of the vicar. Then they will dispute, as they do now, but on more equal terms. The ritual and the delights of preaching will still be the *casus discriminis*, but if the contention waxes warm the bishop or archdeacon will be called in. He will come gladly and set many things right. He will repress whim-worship and restore order where chaos has hitherto reigned. The curate will thus become the agent of law and order, if he is supported and encouraged. Geshurun waxed fat and kicked. We do not advocate more beef and claret, nor suits of a superior serge, but we think it only just that these constant dismissals should be put a stop to, and that equal justice be distributed to all the clergy alike; and that the pallid and depressed underling should not be placed at the mercy of men who are often his inferiors in learning, piety, and diligence—indeed, in all things save income, diameter, and pomposity.

TIGER HUNTING IN THE NEPAUL TERAI.

II.

IT is a cheerful picnic enough, even though the sun be blazing overhead with highly developed sunstroke power and the heat be some immaterial trifle under 200° Fahrenheit. Who cares for sun and heat? We have earned our lunch and the indulgence of a long draught to celebrate our success and allay the pangs of a parched throat. We know that from this time on till nightfall, having once drunk, we shall have to wet our lips every few minutes; but what of that? We have bagged our tiger, prudence may go hang! and so we pour forth a libation which is eminently comforting—

for the moment. When our pipes are lighted, we remount our elephants and start again.

We drive a second nullah along its downward course from the forest to the plain, and drive it as thoroughly as may be, but in vain. No creature that we may shoot presents itself, and game of other kind mock us by their undesired appearance.

Not far from the point where this nullah has outlet upon the open country is the grass cover that stands as the fourth item upon our programme. This being reached, two "stops" are sent ahead and the line formed into three sections, divided by the two guns that are available for commanding the ground and, particularly, for preventing a tiger from breaking through and going back unseen or unreported. "Cease general firing" is the order here, and we advance. Of course, game that may not be shot at gets up and breaks away with, as it seems, abnormal frequency. Deer of sorts, pig, and partridge tempt us at every step, but tempt in vain. We who are in the line look forward to nothing but that waving of the grass that means a tiger stealing off. We have no eye or mind for anything save the black-barred coat of the forest monarch; no ear for aught but the trumpeting of an elephant, that may mean tiger afoot, or a gunshot from the stops, that must imply a tiger, bear, or panther seen. But alas! we beat the whole of that grass plain to the last tuft without putting up any of the big game sought. Mildly disappointed, we start upon our three-mile march to the swamp, our fifth item.

There is nothing especially luxurious about elephant-riding, more particularly when the rider is mounted in a howdah. It is an ache-contracting form of exercise, and when one rides thus for an hour or more without any distraction in the way of sport, it is decidedly trying. We have three miles to cover, without any prospect of shikar, for our way is through the forest, where game of any sort may not be looked for within reach of gun or rifle. Between 2 and 3 p.m. we descend from the forest into the plain, a quarter of a mile from the swamp that we are to try for tiger.

The swamp lies at the foot of the forest, and along half its length is guarded by a precipitous bank of thirty feet in height. On the side opposite the forest is open country that offers no hiding-place, and we know that we have to give our more serious attention to that densely wooded side whither a tiger, if it leave the swamp, must almost infallibly betake itself. So one certain gun is posted on the height amidst the forest trees to move forward on our right flank and intercept a tiger stealing off from a point too far ahead for the guns in line below to deal with it, and the other three guns keep with the line. These arrangements having been made we start. But we do not advance any distance before difficulties occur to break our ranks up in disorder. There is said to be "fussund" at this end of the swamp, and fussund (*i.e.* bog) so treacherous that an elephant may sink in it and disappear engulfed in foundationless mud. Not until a subsequent season was I to explode this fallacy by beating right through the thick of it after a wounded tiger; but for the present it serves, and the mahouts, making the most of it, avoid the heavier cover where interlacing rush and sedge make pleasant harbourage for tiger. It is idle to press the mahouts into these. They say "fussund" in reply to all entreaty, and one dare not order an animal to be fussunded when it will cost from £500 to £800 to replace it. We adopt another expedient: we approach these dangerous spots as closely as we can and throw "anars" into the thicket. Sometimes these anars (crude bombs of clay filled with the semi-explosive gunpowder of the Indian bazaar) explode mildly, sometimes they fizzle out as soon as they reach the water or mud, and sometimes they expire noiselessly in mid-air. But they, or the noise made by those who throw them, will on occasion start a tiger from a lair that no elephant can approach.

No tiger is started by anar or elephant out of the fussund region or from the densest reed, and we are now entering the wider but shorter segment that, shaped like a chemist's retort, ends the swamp. Arrived here, our right flank is swung round, and with it the stop who had guarded the forest line of retreat; our crescent line is now formed to beat what cover remains away from the jungle, so that a tiger being started must either break

through the line or take to the open ahead. This is our last cast for the day, and we make our arrangements as perfect as possible. We start forty behemoths in line.

Are they forty quadrupedal animals on shore, or forty barges labouring in a lumpy sea? the uninitiated spectator might ask with good excuse. Now heeling over to larboard, now going over to starboard, those forty blunder and flounder along; now to the one side now to the other, the unfortunates in howdahs seem to be meditating a downward plunge into the ooze. Howdah-riding is now as difficult as it is ridiculous, and only he who is an expert of many seasons can steady himself and gun under these conditions. But *bon gré, mal gré* we flounder along, and we have penetrated some eighty yards of this final section of the swamp when there is a waving of the heavy reeds ahead and going from us. A waving, did I say? It is *the* waving—that which tells of a tiger—and a gun (a simple smoothbore) goes up to the shoulder of one of our party and a shot is fired, and a thud and roar tell us that that bullet found its proper billet. But the tiger does not accept the situation with philosophy; it charges the line, and every elephant turns tail, and we who were the hunters are for some minutes hunted: not at any great speed, however, for the heavy ground does not permit of pace. Now a general scrimmage occurs, and the tiger, wounded though it be, is the hero of the occasion: it has bitten the tail of one elephant and clawed a hinder leg of another, and has stood the fire of three of the howdah guns without succumbing. But, valiant though it be, that tiger may not hope to escape. It was unseen when the first shot was fired; and now that the cover is downtrodden in every direction by the elephants, it is seen almost continuously. Shot after shot is fired at it as it charges here and there, and at last it falls and dies.

Hurrah! Once again a day's work has been done, not by any means the best that we have known, but infinitely better than the many days that have seen us tigerless on our return to camp. So may we drink once more while the tiger is being padded, and set our faces homeward cheerily.

It is nearing upon five of the afternoon when we start again campwards, to take such general shooting as may be had *en route*. The sun has in its decline lost some of its power, and loses more and more as we advance through copse and brake and grass-patch, shooting as we go; and the air is comparatively cool when we reach our tents. But how grateful even in that comparative coolness is the big draft of cool beer from a foaming tankard, or other refreshing drink that is ready for us as we dismount! And how enjoyable the long cool evening spent in feasting and in talk that recalls the doings of a happy day!

EDWARD N. BRADDON.

IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE.

WHO is responsible for the delay in instituting Imperial Penny Postage? For some years past everybody has been familiar with the idea of a single British postal district, coextensive with the Empire, within which a letter shall be franked for any distance—one, ten, or ten thousand miles—for a penny, just as a newspaper now is for a halfpenny. The cost to this country of realizing this scheme is estimated by the Post Office at £75,000 in the first year—Mr. Henniker Heaton says £25,000—while the cost to the largest colony could not exceed £2000. Against this reduction of revenue (speedily to be made up by the natural increase of correspondence under the penny rate) are to be set the advantages to our commerce of cheaper means of communication; the encouragement of written intercourse between millions of emigrants and their relatives here, with the result of stimulating that feeling of attachment to the mother-country which is so closely akin to patriotism; and, finally, the moral effect of thus significantly asserting, *urbi et orbi*, the solidarity of the British people—of giving practical effect to the words of the Prince of Wales, that "an inhabitant of New Zealand is as dear to us at home as an inhabitant of Kent or Surrey." Public opinion at once supported the project; the Press unanimously advocated its immediate adoption; the Associated Chambers of Commerce gave it the weighty stamp of the approval of men of business. On 8 April, 1893, it was moved in the House of Commons

that "In view of the recent declaration of the Postmaster-General to the effect that there are no serious financial or administrative objections to such a step, the time has come when the charge for transmission of letters from the United Kingdom to all parts of the British Empire should be reduced to one penny per half-ounce letter." Every speaker, including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Goschen, and Sir W. Harcourt, sympathized with the proposal, although the Postmaster-General hinted that the colonies were not all in favour of it. At the close of the debate the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Sir William Harcourt) said: "The Government desire at the proper time, when the finances of the country permit, and when the assent of the colonies has been obtained, to carry out the object advocated in the Resolution." As speakers on both sides of the House were of one opinion, it was not necessary formally to pass the Resolution; the House accepted Sir William Harcourt's word that the reform would be carried out. From that day to this, however, nothing has been heard of the matter from Ministerial lips, either Conservative or Radical.

Now it is quite true that some of the Australian Postmasters-General have passed a resolution that, while sympathizing with the idea, they did not think the time opportune for carrying it out. But Australia is not ruled by Postal officials, and the Prime Ministers of Victoria, Tasmania, and New Zealand promptly declared for Imperial Penny Postage (which is also accepted by Canada). It might appear, therefore, that the Home Government had used its best endeavours to persuade the Colonial Governments, succeeding in some cases, and failing in others.

The real truth is that since Sir William Harcourt's declaration not one line has been addressed by the Home Government to Australia on the subject. This was explicitly admitted by Mr. Hanbury in the House of Commons some time ago. Of what value, then, was the Resolution accepted by the House, endorsed with the implied undertaking of the Minister? What became of the Resolution? It was simply pigeonholed at St. Martin's-le-Grand, exactly as if it had been a petition from Mudborough for the erection of a pillar-box.

It is said that, at any rate, the Postmasters-General of Australia, or some of them, have passed a motion against the immediate institution of Imperial Penny Postage. This argument implies still more ignominious treatment for the House's resolution. It is to be made into a shuttlecock, and banded backwards and forwards for the amusement of languid bureaucrats. The Resolution was not actually passed by the House, says a smart official. That quibble aggravates the offence. The House did not vote, because, as occurs nearly every day, it was satisfied with the undertaking of the Minister concerned; though on reference to the debate, it will be seen that the unanimity of hon. members was expressly stated and admitted. In any case, some one may say, the Post-Office is not to blame. The fault, if any, lies between the Minister who gave the undertaking and the Colonial Postmasters-General. Let us test this contention.

It is ridiculous to blame Sir William Harcourt. Sancho Panza was pitied, not scolded, when he had been tossed in the blanket. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in theory can overrule the Postmaster-General; but, as can be seen from the "Life of Rowland Hill," and other books, he habitually defers to him in matters of this kind. And unquestionably it is the function of the Postmaster-General to open negotiations with his Colonial colleagues. This the Postmaster-General has not done. Neither he nor anybody else has ventured to assert that in Sir William's opinion a means of stimulating commerce, promoting patriotism, and strengthening the Empire is not worth the cost of a torpedo-boat, or a couple of pictures in the National Gallery. As a matter of fact, it is notorious that both Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt are as hearty advocates of Imperial Penny Postage as Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. And the financial objection was met by the formal offer of a wealthy gentleman to give a bank guarantee against all loss.

Nor are the Colonial Postmasters-General to blame. Until the formidable banking crisis two years ago, Australian opinion was "solid" for the penny rate.

Since that crisis all possible economies have been stringently enforced. It was therefore a master-stroke of policy to suggest that before the Home Government stirred, the Premiers of some forty colonies, some with hardly any revenue, others struggling with debt and depression, should sign a round robin undertaking to proceed *pari passu* with us. Does the parent duck learn from or teach her timid brood to swim? Does the Derby starter exact that his drove of fiery colts shall be drawn up in a geometrically straight line and spring off together like a rank of dragoon chargers? Is it not the plain duty of the mother-country, with a postal surplus of three millions, to set the example, and to await the adhesion of the colonies to her policy, exactly as in the case of Free Trade?

It is here necessary to expose an artful misrepresentation of the object in view. On reference to the Resolution laid before the House, it will be seen that it refers only to the transmission of letters from the United Kingdom to the colonies, return letters from the colonies being unaffected. This distinction is the hinge on which the whole discussion turns. For we merely ask the colonies to receive such letters as we send them at the penny rate, and at our own expense; we do not ask them to alter their rate, or to diminish their revenue by a farthing. It is important to remember that, under the Postal Union Convention, each country pays for the transmission of its own mails to the country of destination, and delivers free all mails brought to it from other countries. Thanks to this simple arrangement it is possible for any group of countries in the Union to form (under Article 21 of the Convention) a "restricted Union," within which postal rates lower than the general Union rate may be charged. Such Unions have been formed between Canada and the States, Austria and Germany, Spain and Portugal, Holland and Belgium, and Australia and Fiji. It is now proposed that such a "restricted Union" shall be formed, embracing Great Britain and her colonies.

Further, the principle governing these Unions is that the domestic or inland rate of postage in each country included shall suffice for the conveyance of a letter to any other country included. Thus, the American inland rate of 1d. carries an American letter to any part of Canada, and the Canadian inland rate of 1½d. carries a Canadian letter to any part of the United States. And so, under the scheme of Imperial penny postage, the British inland rate of 1d. would carry a British letter to any colony, while the Government of that colony could retain for return letters the Postal Union rate of 2½d., or adopt its own inland rate, or accept the British inland rate of 1d., at its own will and pleasure. There is nothing inconvenient in a difference of rates. At present a postcard to Australia costs 1d., while Australia charges 1½d. for a postcard to England.

It will be perceived that this is a very small favour to ask of the colonies. A man is surely entitled to travel third-class for economy, even if he have cousins who are in some way persuaded that it is still more economical to travel first-class. What do the Australian newspapers (setting aside the postmasters for a moment) say to this?

The "Brisbane Courier" declares: "To this arrangement, the Postmaster-General notwithstanding, no possible objection could be made on behalf of the Colonies. It would not cost them a single farthing."

The "South Australian Register": "The fact that the Australian Colonies are not in a position to establish the return service at present, should not lead us to stand in the way of the benefits which would undoubtedly result to the people of the United Kingdom and to Australians by the reduction of postage from England to Australia. We have not reached that stage of imbecility yet."

And the "Melbourne Argus": "That any one can suppose that we would object to our kith and kin sending us letters for a penny, or for a farthing if they liked, so long as it costs us nothing, passes belief."

Similar quotations might be multiplied. It is obvious that Australian public opinion would welcome the reform called for, and that if the Resolution approved by the House of Commons had been communicated to the Australian Governments, it would have been cordially acquiesced in. The suggestion that the colonial Post-

masters' opinion must be deferred to on a question affecting solely the mother-country is the more astounding because it comes from the British Post Office, which has refused the request of these same Postmasters for an exchange of postal orders between England and Australia. We are brought back to the question, "Why was the Resolution pigeonholed?" The Premier of Queensland (Mr. Nelson) wrote on 21 June 1894 to the Premier of Victoria (Sir James Patterson): "The British Postmaster-General is, in my opinion, the authority through whom all such communications (respecting Imperial Penny Postage) should be made, and we have nothing from him on the subject."

Why had they nothing from him? Because the permanent staff at the Post Office are as bitterly opposed to Imperial Penny Postage as their predecessors were to Inland Penny Postage, and their influence is all powerful with their political chief, that "transient phantom" styled Postmaster-General. They do not deny their bias. Mr. Buxton Forman has published with much gusto the fact that his former chief, Sir S. Blackwood, was a foe to the reform. So doubtless the City officials were opposed to the freeing of the bridges, and the hackney coachmen to omnibuses. No functionary advocates an extension of his responsibilities. A few years ago our postal officials even expressed the opinion that the old rates of 5d. and 6d. to the colonies, which were so fiercely denounced by the member for Canterbury, were fair and reasonable.

We do not blame the officials; we blame the Minister who listened to them. We assert that this Minister, whoever he was, assumed grave responsibility when he decided to take no notice of the Resolution so often referred to. A doctor cannot refuse to attend us on the ground that his coachman does not like the night air, or that one of his horses is a jibber. The distinctive features of our constitutional system is the supremacy of public opinion. In this case public opinion has been outrageously flouted.

What we have to do is to get the Duke of Norfolk to send an official request to the Colonial Postmasters-General, that they will assent to our extending our Inland Penny Postage to letters addressed to the colonies. There is, as we have seen, nothing to shock them in this proposal, and there is nothing to injure us in it. It is not a new departure, for we can already send a newspaper (or book-post packet) weighing two ounces for a halfpenny either to the other side of London or to the other side of the globe. In a word, we have uniform halfpenny postage throughout the Empire for printed matter; why not penny postage for letters? In one year we sent to Australia 9,000,000 newspapers, weighing four ounces each, for a penny per newspaper. In the same mailbags we sent 2,500,000 letters, for which we paid 2½d. each. Yet a newspaper requires the same labour in sorting, stamping, and delivering as a letter. The bare cost of freight is a small fraction of a penny for each letter. The heavy expenditure on mail steamships represents the subsidies which we pay to the companies for the four purposes laid down by the Canning Commission: (1) to encourage shipbuilding; (2) to maintain our commercial supremacy on the seas; (3) to keep up a reserve fleet of clippers convertible into armed cruisers in case of war; and (4) to pay for carriage of the mails—the last being a very trifling item in the sum total of the subsidies. Moreover, the contracts made for the conveyance of mails usually provide that a fixed subsidy shall be paid, irrespective of the weight, and this arrangement will soon be extended to the case of the American mails now paid for by weight.

Every year nearly two hundred thousand young Britons, male and female, leave the land of their fathers, never to return. They go to till the waste places of the earth, to build cities, to bridge great rivers, to work out the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race. We profit sooner or later by their labour and devotion. Wherever they go they set up the old flag. It is for such as these that every thoughtful man would gladly see penny postage established. As already stated, some of the most illustrious leaders of both political parties are keenly interested in the success of the movement. It is an open secret that more than one member of the Cabinet now in office desires to see Imperial Penny Postage in operation. And (by special permission of

the noble writer) we are enabled to append a letter which sufficiently shows the disposition of the late Liberal Government:

"38 BERKELEY SQUARE, W., 12 October, 1892.

"DEAR MR. HENNIKER HEATON,—I can assure you that I have not lost sight of the subject of Imperial Penny Postage, on which you have written to me; indeed, on my way to Osborne to receive the seals I spoke to the present Postmaster-General on the subject, and I hope with all my heart that our wishes may soon be realized.—Believe me, yours very truly,

"ROSEBERRY."

ATHENS IN 1895.

I.—THE FOREIGN ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCHOOLS.

IF a modern Athenian described his city as being still what it was about two and a half thousand years ago—the *παίδευσις τῆς Ἑλλάδος*, "school of Greece"—he would say no more than the truth. But the truth would raise a smile. "Yes," one would assent, "it is the school of—modern Greece." Athens, however, is becoming something of which she has better reason to be proud than of being the capital of a small bankrupt state which is prone to repudiate pecuniary obligations. She is becoming, in the field of Greek archæology, the *παίδευσις τῆς Εὐρώπης*. It is, indeed, most natural and very fit that she should gain such a position; yet, a quarter of a century ago, few would have ventured to predict it for her. Every year she is in a more marked degree the resort of students of all nations who design to begin, or desire to complete, their archæological training. In the Easter vacation her hotels are filled with dons and professors, graduates, and even undergraduates, from the English and German universities. You will see heads of houses attending with docility the brilliant lectures of Dr. Dörpfeld, the director of the German Institute, or haunting the Acropolis with "Baedeker" or "Miss Harrison" in their hands; you will meet half Oxford and Cambridge in gatherings at the hospitable drawing-room of Mrs. Gardner or in the magnificent reception-rooms of Madame Schliemann.

For it is in Greece alone, and in Athens best of all, that one can learn to understand the development of Greek architecture. One must go there, if one would study at first hand the prehistoric antiquities of the Mycæan age; and there the student of art gets his first satisfactory conception of the early history of sculpture. The Acropolis Museum is simply a revelation. The score of female statues, with the colours still visible—whom the Germans nicknamed "die Tanten"—form a series which lets us trace the several steps, and discern, as it were, the inner side of the development of Athenian sculpture in the Pisistratean age. The lips of these mysterious archaic ladies wear various phases of an "insignificant" or curious smile; and one's first thought, when one enters the hall in which they stand, is that if the late Walter Pater had seen them he would have added another paragraph to his imperishable essay on Leonardo da Vinci. Again, nowhere does one feel so near to achieving the well-nigh impossible feat of realizing the Greek ideas of death and the mysteries of the grave, as when one walks through the rooms of sepulchral reliefs in the great National Museum, or stands before those which are still exposed defenceless to the chances of weather and the wantonness of men in the Outer Ceramicus.

But it is questions of architecture and topography, rather than of sculpture, that provoke most discussion and interest in intellectual circles at Athens. These questions have been made supremely interesting by the talented head of the German school. Dr. Dörpfeld may be said to have struck out quite new lines and methods of investigation; and he has impressed, as it were, his own personality on almost every important ruin in Athens, not to say in Greece, by some brilliant discovery or ingenious theory. To say that his theories more often turn out to be wrong than right, would be a misleading and inadequate statement. Dr. Dörpfeld is a natural Heraclitean; his doctrine is fluent; and every year his theories change. Criticism is therefore ineffectual. You refute, let us suppose, one of his views; but before your refutation is printed, he has ceased to maintain it. And,

perhaps for the same reason, he does not write books. By the time his manuscript was ready for the press, he would find himself compelled to rewrite it. But the phases of his teaching are recorded, perhaps too faithfully, by certain archaeological ladies who sit at his feet; and each successive view is accepted with perfect seriousness by the American archaeologists who have loyally surrendered the independence of their judgment to the German of genius whom they so justly admire. It would hardly be hazardous to maintain that he is the most brilliant lecturer, in his own or any cognate department, in Europe; and his open-air discourses are, beyond all question, the feature of archaeological Athens. To hear him lecture on the Acropolis or at Eleusis, to listen to his elucidation of the Theatre of Dionysus or the Odeum of Herodes Atticus, to walk round the hill of Munychia under his guidance, is not merely a privilege but almost an education. His persuasiveness is simply overwhelming. His new theories, when explained by his own mouth, are perfectly convincing, though when one is no longer under the spell of his irresistible manner and lucid German, one usually finds serious objections to the wisdom of the charmer. But this does not in the least lessen the value of his lectures; on the contrary, it makes them more stimulating. From him one may learn, as one can learn from no one else, how to find one's way through a complicated mass of walls or how to set about the systematic study of a ground plan.

Dr. Dörpfeld's paradox that there was no raised stage in the old Greek theatre is well known, and in the three lectures which he delivered this year in the Dionysiac precinct, he defended it with more ability than ever, and, of course, with several modifications. But the controversy concerning the Hecatompedon is perhaps a more characteristic example both of the problems which a visit to Athens invests with reality and interest, and of the theses which Dr. Dörpfeld is bold enough to defend. "Hecatompedon" was the official name of the old temple of Athena on the Acropolis, built by Pisistratus and burned down by the Persians. Its site was excavated some years ago on the south side of the Erechtheum, and so close to that building that the Caryatid porch intrudes on the foundations of the Northern Colonnade of the old temple. Dr. Dörpfeld put forward the view that the Hecatompedon was built again (without the surrounding Colonnade) after the Persian War, and, having been twice again restored after other conflagrations, existed till at least the second century A.D. and was seen by the traveller Pausanias. We cannot here go into the arguments, which have been well criticized by Mr. J. G. Frazer; the literary and epigraphic evidence seems to be entirely against the theory. But standing on the spot, in front of the Caryatid maidens, one asks oneself: Is it conceivable that any Greek architect would have erected that porch to face the dead wall of another building which stood at the distance of a few inches? And, if it be said that the Erechtheum might have been built when a conflagration had laid the Hecatompedon in ruins, the question becomes: Is it credible that this temple would have been rebuilt so as to block up, and entirely stultify, one of the fairest works on the Acropolis—is this credible on any other hypothesis than that the Athenians had been struck with a sudden blindness? It is clear that the contiguity of the two temples at Rhamnus is no parallel; nor can any real support be found in the circumstance that the colonnade behind the theatre was built actually touching the old temple of Dionysus. But one feels dreadfully ungrateful in rejecting Dr. Dörpfeld's cherished theory, when one considers that to his insight and power of skilful reconstruction we owe all we know about the Hecatompedon.

This year the Germans continued their excavations in the valley between Mars' Hill and the Pnyx, almost due west of the Acropolis. Here they unearthed last year, and are still unearthing, an extensive series of buildings and a large system of waterworks. It is not too adventurous to say that the true Enneakrunos has been discovered—the Callirhoe, which must now be distinguished from the familiar Callirhoe at the Ilissus. And a Bacchic precinct was found which is almost certainly that of "Dionysus in Limnae." Dr. Dörpfeld is now hoping to find the Eleusinion, which most topographers had placed on the opposite (N.E.) side of the

Acropolis. Owing to the unfortunate absence of inscriptions, sceptics may still, with some show of reason, refuse to accept Dr. Dörpfeld's conclusions; but they have to acknowledge that these conclusions explain most satisfactorily that great difficulty in the first Book of Pausanias which goes by the name of the "Enneakrunos episode." One finds it harder to follow the German director when he boldly asserts that the temple of the Olympian Zeus and that of the Pythian Apollo mentioned by Thucydides (II. 15) are not, as has been always thought, the great Olympieon begun by Pisistratus, on the terrace above the river Ilissus, and the neighbouring Python whose site has been identified, but are quite distinct shrines on the north-west side of the Acropolis. Until irrefragable proof of the existence of these shrines is found embedded in the soil, few are likely to assent to this exegesis of Thucydides.

At Athens the work of the German Institute naturally attracts most attention, but we must not overlook the other archaeological schools. The main work of the French has been at Delphi, where endless labour in copying and publishing hundreds of inscriptions still awaits M. Homolle and his disciples. The American School has at length completed the interrupted exploration of the Heraeum in the Argive plain. This work might have been finished long ago, if it had not been entrusted to an ex-director, whose intimacies with the crowned heads of Europe make constant and imperative demands upon his time. So, at least, one hears at Athens. The British School, whose chief record in the past has been the excavation of Megalopolis, was not engaged this year in any diggings on Greek soil; but an emissary was sent to Alexandria, where there had seemed a good prospect of accomplishing some important work. The ability and tact of the many-sided director, Mr. Ernest Gardner—who, we regret to say, vacates his post this year—has made the School a greater success than could have been foretold from the unsatisfactory financial basis on which it was courageously started. Want of funds has certainly retarded the usefulness of an institution which should be of quite incalculable service to the advancement of archaeological learning in England. But we are beginning to realize this. The Government grant of £500 for five years, and the recent meeting at London under Royal auspices encourage us to expect that the School is about to enter upon a new epoch. One of the most cheerful omens is the warm interest taken in its welfare by the British Minister, Mr. Egerton. Everything depends now upon the choice of a new director, who, if he is to be efficient, must already possess a more than superficial acquaintance with Greek lands and the modern Greek tongue, and have a practical knowledge of excavation. We learn with apprehension that an attempt is being made to secure the post for an official of the British Museum, who admittedly does not possess these qualifications, and whose appointment would strain the relations between the British School and the Greek "Ephory" of Antiquities. It is also intended to reduce the term of residence demanded from the director by the Statutes from eight months to six, a change which would seriously diminish the utility of the institution. But we feel sure that the Committee and the Government will refuse to ratify proposals which are obviously inconsistent with the best interests of the British School.

GLOUCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

II.

THERE is no harder music in the world to sing worthily than Mozart's Requiem, none than Purcell's *Te Deum* in D; and so contrasted are they in character that to pass from one to the other makes the singing of the second a doubly formidable task. The *Te Deum* is full of the "joy of life," of mere delight in beauty and brilliance; its mood is for the most part triumphant, even carelessly gay; every bar is breezy, every phrase delicately picturesque. The Requiem is steeped in sadness and gloom, with rare moments of fiery exaltation, or hysterical despair; at times beauty has been almost—almost, but never quite—driven from Mozart's thought by the anguish that tormented him as he wrote. Speaking of Bach's "Matthew Passion" some months ago I said it "was an appeal, of a force and poignancy paralleled only in the Ninth Symphony,

to the emotional side of man's nature . . . the æsthetic qualities are subordinated to the utterance of an overwhelming emotion." Had I said "deliberately subordinated," I should have indicated the main difference as well as the main likeness between Bach's masterwork and Mozart's. The æsthetic qualities are subordinated to the expression of an overwhelming emotion in the Requiem, but not deliberately: unconsciously rather, perhaps even against Mozart's will. Bach set out with the intention of using his art to communicate a certain feeling to his listeners; Mozart, when he accepted the order for a Requiem from that mysterious messenger clad in gray, thought only of creating a beautiful thing. But he had lately found, to his great sorrow, that his ways were not the world's ways, and fraught with even graver consequences was the world's discovery that its ways were not Mozart's. Finding all attempts to turn him from his ways fruitless, the world fought him with contempt, ostracism, and starvation for weapons; and he lacked strength for the struggle. There had been a time when he could retire within himself and live in an ideal world of Don Giovanni and Figaros. But now body as well as spirit was over-wearied; spirit and body were not only tired but diseased; and when he commenced to work at the Requiem the time was past for making beautiful things, for his mind was preoccupied with death and the horror of death—the taste of death was already in his mouth. Had death come to him as to other men, he might have met it as other men do, heroically, or at least calmly, without loss of dignity. But it came to him coloured and made fearful by wild imaginings, and was less a thought than an unthinkable horror. He believed he had been poisoned, and Count Walsegg's gray-clad messenger seemed a messenger sent from another world to warn him of the approaching finish. As he said, he wrote the Requiem for himself. In it we find none of the sunshine and laughter of "Don Giovanni," but only a painfully pathetic record of Mozart's misery, his despair, and his terror. It is indeed a stupendous piece of art, and much of it surpassingly beautiful; but the absorbing interest of it will always be that it is a "human document," an autobiographical fragment, the most touching autobiography ever penned.

The pervading note of the whole work is struck at the beginning of the first number. Had Mozart seen death as Handel and Bach saw it, as the only beautiful completion of life, or even as the last opportunity given to men to meet a tremendous reality and not be found wanting, he might have written a sweetly-breathed prayer for eternal rest, like the final chorus of the "Matthew Passion," or given us something equal or almost equal to the austere grandeur of the Dead March in Saul. But he saw death differently, and in the opening bar of the "Requiem æternam" we have only sullen gloom and foreboding, deadly fear begotten of actual foreknowledge of things to come. The discord at the fifth bar seems to have given him the relief gained by cutting oneself when in severe pain; and how intense Mozart's pain was may be estimated by the vigour of the reaction when the reaction comes; for though the "Te decet hymnus" is like a gleam of sweet sunshine on black waters, the melody is immediately snatched up, as it were, and by the furious energy of the accompaniment, powerful harmonic progressions, and movement of the inner parts (note the tenor ascending to the high G on "orationem"), made expressive of abnormal glowing ecstasy. To know Mozart's mood when he wrote the Requiem is to have the key to the "Kyrie." His artistic sense compelled him to veil the acuteness of his agony in the strict form of a regular fugue; but here, as everywhere else in the Requiem, feeling triumphs over the artistic sense; and by a chromatic change of which none but a Mozart or a Bach would have dreamed, the inexpressive formality of the countersubject is altered into a passionate appeal for mercy. In no other work of Mozart known to me does he ever become hysterical, and in the Requiem only once, towards the end of this number, where the sopranos are whirled up to the high A, and tenors and altos strengthen the rhythm; and even here the pause, followed by that scholastic cadence, affords a sense of recovered balance, though we should observe that the raucous final chord with the third omitted is in keeping with the colour of the whole number, and not dragged in as a mere display of

pedantic knowledge. The "Dies Iræ" is magnificent music, but the effect is enormously intensified by Mozart first (in the "Kyrie") making us guess at the picture by the agitation of mind into which it throws him, and then suddenly drawing the curtain and letting us view for ourselves the lurid splendours; and surely no more awful picture of the Judgment was ever painted than we have here in the "Dies Iræ," "Tuba mirum," "Rex tremendæ," and the "Confutatis." The method of showing the obverse of the medal first, and then astonishing us with the sudden magnificence of the other side, is an old one, and was an old one even in Mozart's time, but he uses it with supreme mastery, and results that have never been equalled. The most astonishing part of the "Confutatis" is the prayer at the finish, where strange cadence upon cadence falls on the ear like a long-drawn sigh, and the last, longer drawn than the rest, "gere curam mei finis," followed by a hushed pause, is indeed awful as the silence of the finish. Quite as great is the effect of the same kind in the "Agnus Dei," which was either written by Mozart or by Sussmayer with Mozart's spirit looking over him. Written by Mozart, the Requiem necessarily abounds in tender touches: the trebles at "Dona eis" immediately after their first entry; the altos at the same words towards the end of the number, and at the twenty-eighth bar of the "Kyrie"; the first part of the "Hostias," the "Agnus Dei," the wonderful "Ne me perdas" in the "Recordare." And if one wants sheer strength and majesty, turn to the fugue on "Quam olim Abraham," or the C natural of the basses in the "Sanctus." But the prevailing mood is one of depressing sadness, which would become intolerable by reason of its monotony were it possible to listen to the Requiem as a work of art merely, and not as the tearful confessions of one of the most beautiful spirits ever born into the world.

When I think of how Mozart's Requiem ought to be done, how it might be done, I can give only the most moderate praise to Mr. Lee Williams and his choir, and with one exception, the soloists. Mr. Watkin Mills was too plodding by far, and delivered (for example) the sweeping phrase, "Coget omnes ante thronem," as he might a couple of bars in an anthem from Dr. Vincent's musical grocery store in Oxford Street. The most subtle expression, an almost imperceptible sforzando, is demanded on the third syllable of "Ne me perdas," and Mr. Mills passed over the point, robbing the passage of most of its significance. Mr. Ben Davies was more sympathetic, but not sympathetic enough; and Miss Anna Williams persisted either in shouting or, on the other hand, in sentimentalizing phrases which, because they are already overcharged with emotion, will the less bear such treatment. The only one of the quartet who entered into the spirit of her work was Miss Jessie King, who has yet much to learn of the technique of her art and needs experience, but has finer instincts than are common just now. The chorus was heavy-footed and lacking in mobility, and the band did about as well as a band can do in the circumstances. The fact that it did no better shows that the circumstances should be altered.

It was a happy thought to insert Beethoven's First Symphony between the Requiem and Purcell's Te Deum, for, so to speak, it enabled us to get partly rid of the taste of the one before we commenced on the other—partly, but by no means entirely, for apparently Mr. Williams had not realized the enormous gulf between the two kinds of music; and by rendering Purcell's archaic passages in a spirit modern enough, if not too modern, for anything in even the Requiem, he gave us something which might be very interesting to those who did not know their Purcell, but which was certainly not Purcell, nor to those who know Purcell, specially interesting. Still, it was as well to perform the work, if only because when it is sufficiently well known we may some day hope to hear it rightly sung. For the same reason I hail with qualified pleasure Dr. Bridge's new edition of the Te Deum, published by Messrs. Novello. Ever since Dr. Boyce "improved," or edited, Purcell's work, almost rewriting several numbers, the extent of his mutilations has been notorious, for copies of the original edition of 1697 are in existence. Recently, to the intense amusement of some scoffers, who have never a word of praise for anything done by an Academic, Dr. Bridge "discovered" that Dr. Boyce's version was scarcely a model

of accuracy, and in haste he published this new edition. I trust that if in course of his investigations he finds that Handel did not write the accompaniments generally played to the "Messiah," and publishes a genuine edition of that little known work, he may not treat Handel so badly as he treated Purcell. To correct errors is well; but to inform singers in a footnote that they are permitted to maul phrases in a way that might have alarmed even the late Dr. Boyce, is sheer impudence.

I find that no space remains to discuss Mr. Cowen's "Transfiguration," but as my opinion of Mr. Cowen and all his works has often been expressed in these columns, the omission is no great matter. One or two quotations from the "poetry" provided by Mr. Joseph Bennett, at, I hope, a remunerative rate per yard, may be agreeable:

"Let it be even so.

O Elder Brother, come,
And make our hearts Thy home,
Thy temples here below."

"Home," it appears, rhymes with "come" in Mr. Bennett's suburb; and while a number of hearts make only one home, one temple is apparently equal to one heart. After this such epithets as "effulgent Lord," reminding us of "Babe portentous" in "Bethlehem," fall a little flat. Of the performance, really ably conducted by Mr. Cowen, I need only say that the chorus did its best, and that the singing of Mr. David Bispham was worthy of infinitely better work. And I need not discuss the festival further, for I have nothing to add to what I said last week, and nothing to alter.

J. F. R.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

"Romeo and Juliet." Lyceum Theatre. 21 September, 1895.

HOW we lavish our money and our worship on Shakespeare without in the least knowing why! From time to time we ripen for a new act of homage. Great preparations are made; high hopes are raised; every one concerned, from the humblest *persona muta* on the stage to the sworn first-nighter in the gallery, is full of earnest belief that the splendour of the Swan will be revealed at last, like the Holy Grail. And yet the point of the whole thing is missed every time with ludicrous ineptitude; and often a ruined actor-manager spends the rest of his life, like the Ancient Mariner, in telling the tale of what it cost, and how So-and-So got his (or her) first chance in it, and how such and such other eminent people declared that nothing like it had ever been done before, and so on and so forth. Still, there is nothing for it but to try and try again. Every revival helps to exhaust the number of possible ways of altering Shakespeare's plays unsuccessfully, and so hastens the day when the mere desire for novelty will lead to the experiment of leaving them unaltered. Let us see what there is to learn from Mr. Forbes Robertson's revival of "Romeo and Juliet," before that goes the way of all the other revivals. I hardly like to call Mr. Forbes Robertson an artist, because he is notoriously an Englishman with a taste for painting, and the two things are usually incompatible. Your Englishman always conceives that to be romantic and to have a susceptible imagination is to be potentially a painter. His eye for form may be that of a carpenter, his sense of colour that of a haberdasher's window-dresser in the Old Kent Road: no matter, he can still imagine historical scenes—"King James receiving the news of the landing of William of Orange" or the like—and draw them and colour them, or he can dress up his wife as Zenobia or Dante's Beatrice or Dolly Varden, according to her style, and copy her. I do not level these disparaging observations at Mr. Forbes Robertson: I only wish to make it clear that I approach his latest enterprise completely free from the common assumption that he is likely to stage "Romeo and Juliet" better than any one else because he paints pictures and sends them to the exhibitions occasionally. To be quite frank, I am rather prejudiced against him by that fact, since I learnt in the days when I criticized pictures that his sense of colour is essentially and Britannically an imaginative and moral one: that is, he

associates low tones ("quiet colours" they call them in Marshall & Snellgrove's) with dignity and decency, and white linen with cleanliness and respectability. I am therefore not surprised to find the dresses at the Lyceum, though handsome and expensive, chastened by the taste of an English gentleman; so that the stalls can contemplate the fourteenth century and yet feel at home there—a remarkable result, and a very desirable one for those who like it. "Mrs. Patrick Campbell's dresses," says the programme, "have been carried out by Mrs. Mason, of New Burlington Street." I can only say that I wish they had been carried out and buried. They belong to Mrs. Mason, and are her triumph, instead of to Mrs. Campbell. I know how to value an actress who is an artist in dressing fashionably, like Miss Gertrude Kingston; and I delight in one who is an artist in dressing originally, like Miss Ellen Terry; but a lady who is dressed by somebody else, according to somebody else's ideas, like any dressmaker-made woman of fashion, is artistically quite out of the question; and I can only excuse the Lyceum Juliet costumes on the supposition that Mrs. Campbell deliberately aimed at suggesting by them the tutelage of a girl of fourteen who is not yet allowed to choose her own dresses.

The scenery is excellent. Mr. William Harford's "public place in Verona" has only one defect, and that a very English one. The sky is too cold, and the cypresses too pale: better have painted them with dabs of warm brown on an actually gold sky in the beautiful old fashion, than have risked that Constablesque suggestion, faint as it is, of English raininess and chill. But for the rest, it is easy to imagine that the flood of the Adige is really hurrying along behind that embankment as Mercutio leans idly over it. Friar Laurence's cell, too, is good: one can feel the shadowed cloisters outside, with the sunlight and the well in the middle of the quadrangle; and though I do not believe that a simple friar's cell often ran to the luxury of a couple of frescoes by Giotto, yet the touch is suggestive and pardonable. Mr. Ryan's corner of Mantua in the last act would be perfect if the light could only be forced to Italian pitch: in fact it surpasses the real thing in respect of its freedom from the atrocious Mantuan stench and huge mosquitoes from the marshes. Mr. Harker has only one scene, that of Capulet's ball, a beautiful fourteenth-century loggia; whilst Mr. Harford, having to do another scene in Capulet's house, has jumped forward to genteelly elegant Renaissance work in carved white marble, in the manner of the Miracoli at Venice. It will be inferred, and rightly inferred, that the scenery is enormously in advance of that to which Mr. Augustin Daly treated us for "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." No doubt Mr. Daly paid as much as Mr. Forbes Robertson; but Mr. Daly's scene-painters copied bad work, and Mr. Forbes Robertson's have copied good. That makes all the difference.

Of course, in criticizing the general effect, the play and the acting cannot be altogether left out of account, though it would be unfair to lay too much stress on them. Perhaps the most difficult character in the play as far as finesse of execution goes is Mercutio. We see Mercutio in his first scene as a wit and fantasist of the most delicate order. In his next, apparently without any shock to the Elizabethan sense of congruity, he is a detestable and intolerable cad, the exact prototype of our modern 'Arry. The change gives such another glimpse into the manners of that time as you get in "Much Ado" from the astonishment which Benedick creates by taking to washing his face every day. By stage tradition, Mercutio is as much a leading part as Romeo, if not more so. Therefore, when the manager chooses Romeo, he should be particularly careful to choose a good Mercutio, lest he should appear to have that part purposely underplayed. Perhaps this was why Mr. Forbes Robertson went so far out of his way as to cast Mr. Coghlan for the part. If so, he overreached himself; for he could not possibly have made a worse choice. I really cannot express myself politely on the subject of Mr. Coghlan's performance. He lounges, he mumbles, he delivers the Queen Mab speech in a raffish patter which takes, and is apparently deliberately meant to take, all beauty of tone and grace of measure out of it. It may be that Mr. Coghlan has studied the part carefully, and come to the conclusion that since

the visit of the Montagues to Capulet's ball is a young bloods' escapade, Mercutio should be represented as coming half drunk and lolling on the stone seat outside to repeat a tipsy rigmarole about nothing. In that case I must express my entire disagreement with Mr. Coghlan's reading. Shakespeare never leaves me in any doubt as to when he means an actor to play Sir Toby Belch and when to play Mercutio, or when he means an actor to speak measured verse and when slipshod colloquial prose.

Far better than Mr. Coghlan's Mercutio, and yet quite the worst impersonation I have ever seen of a not very difficult old woman's part, was Miss Dolores Drummond's Nurse. Tybalt's is such an unmercifully bad part that one can hardly demand anything from its representative except that he should brush his hair when he comes to his uncle's ball (a condition which he invariably repudiates) and that he should be so consummate a swordsman as to make it safe for Romeo to fall on him with absolute abandonment, and annihilate him as Jean de Reszke used to annihilate Montariol. This is one of the great sensations of the play: unless an actor is capable of a really terrible explosion of rage, he had better let Romeo alone. Unfortunately, the "fire-eyed fury" before which Tybalt falls lies outside the gentlemanly limits of Mr. Forbes Robertson's stage instinct; and it may be that his skill as an actor is not equal to the task of working-up the audience to the point at which they will imagine an explosion which cannot, of course, be real. At all events the duel scene has none of the murderous excitement which is the whole dramatic point of it: it is tamed down to a mere formal pretext for the banishment of Romeo. Mr. Forbes Robertson has evidently no sympathy with Shakespeare's love of a shindy: you see his love of law and order coming out in his stage management of the fighting scenes. Nobody is allowed to enjoy the scrimmage: Capulet and Montague are silenced; and the spectators of the duel are women—I should say ladies—who look intensely shocked to see gentlemen of position so grossly forgetting themselves. Mr. Forbes Robertson himself fights with unconcealed repugnance: he makes you feel that to do it in that disorderly way, without seconds, without a doctor, showing temper about it, and actually calling his adversary names, jars unspeakably on him. Far otherwise have we seen him as Orlando wrestling with Charles. But there the contest was in the presence of a court, with measured ground and due formality—under Queensberry rules, so to speak. For the rest, Mr. Forbes Robertson is very handsome, very well dressed, very perfectly behaved. His assortment of tones, of gestures, of facial expressions, of attitudes, are limited to half a dozen apiece; but they are carefully selected and all of the best. The arrangements in the last scene are exceedingly nice: the tomb of the Capulets is beautifully kept, well lighted, and conveniently accessible by a couple of broad steps—quite like a new cathedral chapel. Indeed, when Romeo, contemplating the bier of Juliet (which reflected the utmost credit on the undertaker) said:

"I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again,"

I felt that the sacrifice he was making in doing without a proper funeral was greatly softened. Romeo was a gentleman to the last. He laid out Paris after killing him as carefully as if he were folding up his best suit of clothes. One remembers Irving, a dim figure dragging a horrible burden down through the gloom "into the rotten jaws of death," and reflects on the differences of imaginative temperament that underlie the differences of acting and stage-managing.

As to Juliet, she danced like the daughter of Herodias. And she knew the measure of her lines to a hairsbreadth. Did I not say, long ago, that Mrs. Tanqueray's piano-playing was worth all the rest of her? And yet I was taken in by Mrs. Tanqueray—also by Mrs. Ebbsmith, as we all were. Woman's great art is to lie low, and let the imagination of the male endow her with depths. How Mrs. Patrick Campbell must have laughed at us whilst we were giving her all the credit—if credit it were—for our silly psychologizing over those Pinero parts! As Juliet she still fits herself into the hospitable manly heart without effort, simply because she is a wonderful

person, not only in mere facial prettiness, in which respect she is perhaps not superior to the bevy of "extra ladies" in the fashionable scenes in the new Drury Lane play, not even in her light, beautifully proportioned figure, but in the extraordinary swiftness and certainty of her physical self-command. I am convinced that Mrs. Patrick Campbell could thread a needle with her toes at the first attempt as rapidly, as smoothly, as prettily, and as with as much attention to spare for doing anything else at the same time as she can play an arpeggio. This physical talent, which is seldom consciously recognized except when it is professedly specialized in some particular direction (as in the case, for instance, of Miss Letty Lind), will, when accompanied by nimbleness of mind, quick observation, and lively theatrical instinct, carry any actress with a rush to the front of her profession, as it has carried Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her Juliet, nevertheless, is an immature performance at all the exceptional points, which, please remember, are not very numerous, much of Juliet's business being of a kind that no "leading lady" of ordinary ability could possibly fail in. All the conscious ideas gathered by her from the part and carried out in planned strokes of her own are commonplace. There is not a touch of tragedy, not a throb of love or fear, temper instead of passion: in short, a Juliet as unawakened as Richard III., one in whose death you don't believe, though you would not cry over it if you did believe. Nothing of it is memorable except the dance—the irresistible dance.

It should never be forgotten in judging an attempt to play "Romeo and Juliet" that the parts are made almost impossible, except to actors of positive genius, skilled to the last degree in metrical declamation, by the way in which the poetry, magnificent as it is, is interlarded by the miserable rhetoric and silly logical conceits which were the foible of the Elizabethans. When Juliet comes out on her balcony and, having propounded the question, "What's in a name?" proceeds to argue it out like an amateur attorney in Christmas-card verse of the "rose by any other name" order, no actress can make it appear natural to a century which has discovered the art of giving prolonged and intense dramatic expression to pure feeling alone, without any skeleton of argument or narrative, by means of music. Romeo has lines that tighten the heart or catch you up into the heights, alternately with heartless fustian and silly ingenuities that make you curse Shakespeare's stagestruckness and his youthful inability to keep his brains quiet. It needs a great flowing tide of passion, an irresistibly impetuous march of music, to carry us over these pitfalls and stumbling-blocks, even when we are foolish enough to mistake the good for the bad, and to reverently accept Mr. Coghlan as an authority on the subject of Mercutio. It would be folly to hold out any such hopes of rescue at the Lyceum. Of the whole company there is only one member who achieves artistic respectability as a Shakespearean player, and that is Mr. Warde as Capulet. For the most part, one has to listen to the music of Shakespeare—in which music, I repeat again and again, the whole worth and charm of these early plays of his lies—as one might listen to a symphony of Beethoven's with all the parts played on the bones, the big drum, and the Jew's-harp. But the production is an unsparing effort, and therefore as honourable to Mr. Forbes Robertson's management as the highest artistic success could make it. The more efforts of that kind we have, the sooner we shall have the artistic success. G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

NOTWITHSTANDING some anxiety in connection with the Settlement, the tone of the Money Market was fairly firm. Money was in plentiful supply for carry-over purposes, and the loan rates, though in several instances excessive, were, as a rule, much easier than had been generally anticipated. Discount rates were pretty much the same as usual. Short loans were offered at from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; the rate for three months' was steady at $\frac{3}{8}$ per cent, for four months' it was $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, while for six months' $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent ruled. The Paris cheque rose to 25f. 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. Home Government securities were steady; Colonial loans were firm, and

Consols closed on Thursday at 107 $\frac{3}{4}$ for money and 107 $\frac{1}{2}$ for account. The Bank-rate remains unchanged at 2 per cent.

The Bank of England Return issued on Thursday shows that the reserve has increased by £1,195,000, the total now being £34,644,000. The public deposits have increased by £815,000, but other deposits show a falling off of £111,000, in spite of the large influx of gold during the week. The "other securities" show a decrease of £454,000, part of which sum, however, represents repayments by the market to the Bank. The proportion of reserve to liabilities has improved from 60 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 61 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

On the Stock Exchange business was rather quiet, the Settlement compelling a large amount of attention; but markets were generally steady. Although some heavy realizations preceded the Settlement, prices ruled fairly strong, chiefly on Paris and Continental buying; and there was every indication of a renewal of activity when the Settlement was over. It is not anticipated that the crusade which Paris stockbrokers have inaugurated against new mining enterprises will have much effect, though it could be hoped that it might.

Home Railways were, on the whole, encouraging, and prices closed firm. The very favourable traffic receipts of the Brighton, South-Eastern, and other companies materially assisted in strengthening the market, and the continuation rates were much easier than at the last Settlement. Among railways showing increases in the weekly traffic returns, we notice the North British with £10,107, the Great Western with £5850, the South-Eastern with £4567, the North-Western with £4343, the London and Brighton with £4292, the Great Northern with £4125, the South-Western with £3960, the Great Eastern with £3894, the London and Chatham with £3646, and the North-Eastern with £2598. The Caledonian receipts also show an increase of £17,526. The decreases were few and comparatively unimportant.

American Railways, which were firm enough on Monday and Tuesday, fell away on Wednesday, in spite of good traffic returns, but recovered again to some extent on Thursday. Canadian Pacifics closed on Thursday at 61 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 61 $\frac{1}{2}$, having recovered from 59 on the strength of a 12,000 dollars traffic increase. Grand Trunks also showed an increase of £2490 on the weekly traffic returns, but the market, in this instance, failed to reflect the improvement. South American railway and Government stocks were mostly dull. The gold premium at Buenos Ayres rose on Thursday from 224 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to 226 per cent.

Prices in the Foreign Market were steady, with an upward tendency. Spanish Four per Cents closed on Thursday at 68 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 68 $\frac{1}{4}$, having touched 69 $\frac{1}{4}$ the previous day. Mexican Government securities were very strong. Silver was in demand at 30 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per ounce. Rupee Paper closed at 60 $\frac{1}{4}$ l.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE LILLOOET FRASER RIVER COMPANY SCANDAL.

NEARING THE END.

We drew attention in our last issue to the audacious reorganization scheme proposed by the directors of the Lillooet, Fraser River, and Cariboo Goldfields, Limited, and we passed some severe strictures upon the methods which were being employed to obtain from the public the very large amount of additional capital which was stated to be required. We told our readers that this company was not advertising its new issue of capital in the regular way, but was securing in various journals the paid insertion, as news matter, of the report of a recent speech made by Mr. R. M. Horne-Payne, the chairman of the company, and we pointed out that this speech, which was intended to take the place of a prospectus introducing the new issue of capital to the public, was mainly composed of exaggerated and highly coloured statements concerning the property and prospects of the company, which could not, with safety, have been included in a prospectus. We took exception

to these proceedings, as being calculated to mislead the public, and expressed our opinion that such devices were on a par with the shameless system, still prevailing with certain newspapers, of inserting, as items of *bona-fide* news, the paid-for puffs of worthless mining enterprises. We were astonished that newspapers and persons of reputation should lend themselves to such discreditable practices, and we asked if the gentlemen who composed the directorate of the Lillooet, Fraser River, and Cariboo Goldfields, Limited, were aware of the facts we had stated, or whether, like a great many perfectly honourable men, they were merely tools in the hands of some unscrupulous promoter. We printed the names of these directors, and invited them to express their disapproval of the unworthy tactics resorted to. It will scarcely be credited, however, when we state that not one of the persons concerned has thought proper to refute any of the serious allegations we made, either in regard to the impudent reorganization scheme or the objectionable system adopted to assist the subscription of capital. In order that there may be no mistake in the matter, we again publish the names of these directors:

F. S. Barnard, Esq., M.P. (Canadian Parliament).

A. E. McPhillips, Esq., Q.C. (Canada).

C. T. Dunbar, Esq., Lillooet, British Columbia.

R. Northall Laurie, Esq., 57 Sloane Gardens, S.W.

R. M. Horne-Payne, Esq., stockbroker, 8 Austin Friars, E.C.

At the time of writing our previous article we did not happen to be aware that Mr. R. M. Horne-Payne, the chairman of this company, is one of the firm of Sperling & Co., who are promoters of the company. This simple fact may explain a good deal. We did not know, either, as we now believe to be the case, that Mr. F. S. Barnard (on whose behalf Mr. Horne-Payne holds a power of attorney) is away in British Columbia. This, of course, relieves Mr. Barnard of any obligation to reply to us for the time being, but the other directors must be perfectly well aware of the unpleasant position in which their reticence leaves them; and we are sorry to have to say that there appears to us to be only one construction to place upon their behaviour. But, although these business gentlemen preserve a possibly discreet silence in regard to our strictures, they are not neglecting any effort to push forward—in common with their more interested colleague—this outrageous scheme. They have announced their intention of holding an extraordinary general meeting of the company at Winchester House, E.C., on Thursday next, the 3rd proximo, at two o'clock p.m., to confirm certain resolutions in connection with the company's articles of association which are stated to have been "carried" by the attenuated gathering that attended the previous meeting on Wednesday week last. We should like to ask Mr. R. M. Horne-Payne, of Sperling & Co., how far his holding (jointly with Mr. F. S. Barnard) of 27,500 out of the total number of 50,000 shares issued by the company, helped him to "carry" the sweeping resolutions referred to. These 27,500 shares are part of an original holding of 29,050. They are described as being "considered as fully paid"; and we shall be glad to learn how much Mr. R. M. Horne-Payne paid for them. It would gratify us to know that he paid for them at the same rate as the 1600 shares have been paid for which he has unloaded since June last. We have not space to deal *seriatim* with the resolutions which it is proposed to confirm on Thursday next, but the object of these resolutions appears to be an exceedingly drastic "amendment" of the company's existing articles of association. Whole clauses are to be cancelled, whilst others are to undergo radical revision. The original shareholders in this company should, before it is too late, very seriously consider these proposals to alter the company's articles of association. Should they finally decide to confirm the resolutions which are said to have been passed at the company's previous meeting, they will place enormous powers in the hands of the present directors, not the least of which will be the authority which these directors are ardently seeking (totally opposed as it is to the spirit of the original prospectus of the company) to vote to themselves "remunerations" for their "services" on a perfectly extravagant scale. We trust, however, that

there will be a better attended meeting on Thursday than there was upon the last occasion, and that the unfortunate shareholders will take heart of grace and make their opposition to this scandalous project a little more pronounced.

"NO PROSPECTUS" COMPANIES.

RAND CONSOLS, LIMITED; BARBERTON REEFS, LIMITED.

These two concerns are the very latest additions to the already long list of companies which have come before the public without the issue of any prospectus, or the publication of any but the barest details in connection with their formation. We have no hesitation in stating that in our opinion such promotions as these are traps for the unwary. They are not intended to benefit any one but their astute organizers. Generally speaking, it is considered quite sufficient to state the amount of capital of companies of this class, some irresponsible rigmarole supposed to be descriptive of the "property" acquired, and the company's office address; but never, under any circumstances, does the name of any officer of the company transpire. In one instance—that of the Rand d'Or Mines, Limited, which we referred to some weeks back—Messrs. Lumley & Lumley, the solicitors, allowed their names to appear upon the so-called "memorandum" which did duty, and very bad duty, for a prospectus. This, however, was a solitary instance. We understand that the Rand Consols, Limited, is engineered by the same *clique* that brought out the Rand d'Or Mines, Limited, and this circumstance alone should not recommend it. The Barberton Reefs, Limited, is a purely "bucket-shop" scheme, and the wildest speculator should have nothing to do with it.

THE IMPERIAL WESTERN AUSTRALIAN CORPORATION,
LIMITED.

Curiosity has before now been expressed as to the exact reasons which from time to time have led Mr. Albert F. Calvert to advertise himself and his doings so extensively and so peculiarly. Mr. Calvert is said to have spent enormous sums of money upon sensational advertisements which set him forth as the "discoverer" of Western Australia; and to have paid for pages and pages of illustrated interviews which pictured him as a benefactor of mankind in the full enjoyment of rather more than his fair share of domestic bliss. He has arranged the publication of a great number of pamphlets, or "works," said to be written by himself, dealing with the subject of the vast riches of West Australia. We do not think that Mr. Calvert's motives in putting himself to all this, apparently, unnecessary trouble should be any longer misunderstood. Mr. Calvert hoped that by circularizing, and advertising, and banqueting, and writing about himself he might ultimately be accepted as a great authority upon West Australian affairs—and he doubtless imagines that that gratifying period has now arrived. Mr. Calvert hopes to recoup himself for his tremendous outlay by floating West Australian companies—in plain words Mr. Albert F. Calvert is a company promoter, and he appears unblushingly as such in connection with the Imperial Western Australian Corporation, Limited. This Company is capitalized at no less than £500,000, and is stated to be only a "parent" company. We never saw a quainter prospectus or a more remarkable scheme. The reports on the "properties" to be acquired are few, they are couched in ambiguous language, and appear to us utterly unreliable. We cannot in the whole prospectus find a single sentence to recommend this Company. But Mr. Albert F. Calvert is only just beginning!

CORRESPONDENCE.

"INFANT SHAREHOLDERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 NEW COURT, LINCOLN'S INN, W.C.,

24 September, 1895.

SIR,—In reference to the letter of Mr. Purcell printed in your Money Matters article of 21 September, and your comment thereon that it would be interesting to learn what would be the strict legal consequences of company-promoters availing themselves of the services

of persons who were not twenty-one years old, the case of an infant signing a memorandum of association has more than once come before the Courts.

The most recent of such cases appears to be that of *Re "Laxon & Co."* before Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams in 1892. It is reported in [1892] 3 Ch. at p. 555, and the head-note is as follows: "The contract of an infant being not void, but only voidable, his signature to the memorandum of association of a company is the signature of a 'person' within the meaning of sect. 6 of the Companies Act, 1862 (which requires such a memorandum to be signed by seven or more persons); and, on the certificate of incorporation being obtained, the company is validly incorporated, and subsequent avoidance of the infant's contract does not invalidate the registration of the company or any intermediate acts affecting the rights of third persons. The certificate of incorporation is not conclusive to prevent the objection that the memorandum was not signed by seven persons."

In this case, although before the petition was disposed of the company's register had been rectified by removing the names of the infant subscribers in respect of the shares registered in their names, Mr. Justice Vaughan Williams refused to order the company to be wound up as an unregistered company.—Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM BARNARD

AN OLD SPANISH BALLAD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 PARK SQUARE WEST, REGENT'S PARK,

LONDON, 26 September, 1895.

SIR,—I was much interested in your story of the Spanish Interpreter, which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW a week or two ago. As you appear to have made a study of Spanish literature, you may like to have the ballad by Gil Vicente, written in 1557, which Longfellow used for one of the songs in his "Spanish Student." I send you Longfellow's adaptation, and a rather more literal rendering which I have attempted myself.—Yours faithfully,

H. C. THOMSON.

CANCION.

Si dormis, doncella
Dispertad y abrid,
Que venida es la hora,
Si quereis partir.

Si estais descalza
No cureis de os calzar.
Que muchas las aguas
Teneis de pasar.

Las aguas tan hondas
Del Guadalquivir.
Que venida es la hora
Si quereis partir.

GIL VICENTE (1557).

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
Awake and open thy door.
'Tis the break of day, and we must away
O'er meadow and mount and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
But come with thy naked feet;
We shall have to pass through the dewy grass
And waters wide and fleet.

"Spanish Student," act iii. scene vi.

Sleeping still, O my beloved?
Arise, unclose thy door;
The longed-for hour has dawned at last,
Awake, sweet, sleep no more.

Come with thy naked feet, dear love,
O wait not for thy shoes;
We've waters wide and swift to cross,
And little time to lose.

We've Guadalquivir's waters deep
To cross ere morning break;
The longed-for hour has dawned at last,
Awake, dear love, awake.

H. C. T.

REVIEWS.

HOLBERG AND ADDISON.

"Det store Vendepunkt i Holbergs Liv." Af Viljam Olsvig. Bergen: Fr. Nygaard. 1895.

THE greater part of this volume, which is written by a Norwegian scholar resident in the city of Holberg's birth, Bergen, is of too controversial and minute a character to interest English readers, but in one section of it Mr. Olsvig raises and sustains a thesis which is as valuable to us as it is novel. It has always been known that Ludvig Holberg, the founder and "father" of Dano-Norwegian literature, the giant intellect which gave to Denmark her drama, her modern history, her philosophy, and almost her humanism, spent a portion of his youth in England. Mr. Olsvig proves that he was in Oxford and London from April, 1706, to Midsummer, 1708. But Holberg's references to English literature and manners are so meagre that the literary historians and professed Holbergians of Denmark have passed over this period in silence, merely quoting his brief sentences and slight anecdotes. Holberg mentions no English author by name, except in one place, Prideaux, Tolad, and Woolaston, whom he spells "Whoolston."

Mr. Olsvig has rightly considered that a young man of such prodigious activity of mind as Holberg, could not have resided in a country from his twenty-fourth to his twenty-seventh year without receiving from the literature, manners, and history of that country some definite impress. He has begun to search the voluminous writings of Holberg for English traits, and although his survey is far from complete, is, indeed, merely begun, he has already discovered internal evidence of such a kind as cannot fail deeply to interest English readers. It is natural to ask why specific reference to English persons and books should be so curiously absent throughout the writings of Holberg. To this question Mr. Olsvig supplies several ingenious answers. Our principal source of knowledge is a Latin epistle addressed by Holberg to an unknown person of consequence in 1726. He believes that this personage was none but Frederick IV., who had already saved Holberg's life in 1720, when he was tried for the publication of his satire of "Peder Paars." If this be so, it is easily to be comprehended that his references to English things should be vague and unemphatic, since the king loathed England, and nothing could be expected to please him less than preoccupation with English affairs. Again, all Holberg's familiar correspondence of those years, which might have thrown light on the matter, is lost. For the absence of any mention by Holberg of English authors Mr. Olsvig accounts by the fact of the absolute ignorance of English literature in every form which prevailed in Denmark throughout the early part of the eighteenth century.

That Holberg knew the English language before he arrived here is certain. When he came back to Norway from Holland in 1705, he supported himself by teaching English; when he came to London in 1706, he had to interpret for his companion, Brix, who could not speak a word. Once settled in Oxford, he lived by teaching languages and music, for he was proficient on both the flute and violin. One of the few facts that we know from Holberg's direct statement is that he was received with civility at Magdalen College, and became intimate with the residents. Now, one of the fellows then at Magdalen was the younger Addison, and it is not too much to conjecture that, when Holberg came on to London, he carried with him a letter to Joseph. We now approach Mr. Olsvig's most considerable discovery. The name of Addison does not occur once throughout the writings of Holberg, yet Mr. Olsvig ventures to say that he was not merely a personal friend of the great essayist, but that perhaps in his whole life there was no one whom Holberg admired so much or by whom he was so deeply influenced as Addison. In the first place he has discovered, what seems to have escaped the notice of every previous Holbergian, a direct mention of the Englishman, though not by name. It occurs in the 512th of Holberg's epistles, written shortly before his death. He describes a dream he has had, and he says: "I thought I was come to the abodes of the

dead, and that the first who came to meet me was the English 'Spectator,' whom in my youth I had known in London, and whom I instantly recognized." They proceed to converse, almost exactly in the manner of Fontenelle and the 81st "Tatler," on the conditions of the departed, and Holberg makes Addison his guide, "since none can give me better information," and addresses him in terms of affection.

Mr. Olsvig thinks that this discovery of his throws light on the mystery of Holberg's plays. In a literature totally without a drama, Holberg introduced a body of no fewer than thirty-three admirable comedies, the direct source of which has never been recognized. It has been usual for the Danish critics to attribute them to the study of Molière, but Holberg's attitude to Molière was never one of admiration, and the plays themselves are as un-Molièresque as prose comedies in which the unities are preserved can be. Mr. Olsvig says that Holberg's comedies are simply "Spectators" and "Tatlers" dramatized in the manner of Farquhar, and he has already pointed out the direct source, as he believes, of several. Of all Holberg's plays, that which retains the greatest freshness is the delightful comedy of "Erasmus Montanus," which might be styled "The Decline and Fall of a Prig." This, says Mr. Olsvig, is the 108th "Tatler." He finds the germ of "Without Head or Tail" in another "Tatler," and of that inimitable piece of solemn fooling, "The Pewterer turn'd Politician," in a "Spectator." In this department of his inquiry, however, Mr. Olsvig as yet only a novice; he promises to make it the subject of a close and detailed examination. But this is an interesting point: in the autumn of 1719, Holberg, engaged on the second book of his "Peder Paars," broke off to write "Ah! I am no poet! I can scarcely write a line. He who was a poet indeed is lying in his grave!" It has never been known what poet he spoke of. But Mr. Olsvig observes that there had just been time for the news of the death of Addison to reach Copenhagen.

We hope that Mr. Olsvig will not abandon the very interesting and curious enterprise on which he has embarked until he has made an exhaustive search in the multifarious writings of Holberg for further signs of English influence. It would naturally be in the early years after his return from Oxford and London, when, as he tells us, his reading of our *ephemerides* was close, that we should expect to find the deepest impression made upon him by English literary events. Among the earliest publications of those months were Pope's "Essay on Criticism" and "Rape of the Lock," Swift's "Miscellanies" of 1709, Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull," and the early tracts of Berkeley. Traces of each of these we may well expect to find in the satirical and philosophical writings of Holberg. But it is still more to the point to observe that he had scarcely settled in Copenhagen before the first number of the "Tatler" must have reached him, and that a series of divine *ephemerides* continued to pour from the London presses for the next ten or fifteen years. Not the plays of Farquhar only, but those of Steele and Cibber may be found to have influenced the form of Holberg's *bourgeois* comedies. All this supplies a field of investigation in which Mr. Olsvig may do work that is interesting, and therefore worth the doing.

TURGOT.

"The Life and Writings of Turgot, edited for English Readers." By W. Walker Stephens. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

DUPONT DE NEMOURS'S "Mémoires sur la Vie de Turgot" appeared in 1782, a year after Turgot's death; Condorcet's "Life," in which Condorcet aimed at drawing Turgot rather as the philosopher than the statesman, was published in 1786; and everything written on the subject since shows almost slavish dependence on these two sources. Mr. Stephens's book is modest in its aims. The first part is intended to meet the want of those who may desire to know more about Turgot in the twenty months of his glorious life as minister than can be gathered from Mr. Morley's fine essay. As compared, again, with M. Léon Say's monograph—which, indeed, is rather scrappy and not quite worthy of the reputation

of M. Say—the present book gives less attention to economics and presumes less acquaintance with French history. The second part of the volume consists of selections of Turgot's writings given for the first time in English, so that the work by which Turgot is almost exclusively known in this country, the "Formation et Distribution des Richesses" is of course omitted. The translations given comprise the second Sorbonne "Discourse," the "Éloge de Gournay," the admirable letter on education to Mme. de Graffigny, the "Encyclopédie" article on "Endowments," and a few others. The only objection we have to the selections is that Mr. Stephens does not give any of them entire, but cuts out passages at will; and this is almost too great a liberty to take in rendering the works of such a writer as Turgot.

Within the limits he sets for himself, Mr. Stephens has done his work well. The "Life," though short, is fascinating, and the reforms which Turgot carried through in the Limousin, during his "intendancy," are given with much interesting detail: in particular, the measures he took to cope with the famine of 1769, when both grain and chestnuts failed, are worthy of study by modern communities. The translations are sound and readable, if they do not always do justice to the admirable simplicity and directness of the original. The "Life" and the selections alike give us a good idea of the noble personality of the great minister who, above all things, "loved the people," and of the splendid attempt he made to save a *régime* which could be purged only by the fires of a revolution.

The history of the years over which Turgot's life extended is too little known in this country. "The events from 1789," writes Mr. Morley, "were only finishing strokes, the final explosion of a fabric under which every yard had been mined, by the long endeavour of half a century of destroyers, deliberate and involuntary, direct and oblique, such as the world has never at any other time beheld." In these fifty years we know of nothing more striking than the story of what Turgot was able to do for the Limousin when "intendant," and what he tried to do afterwards, on the same lines, for France, when Comptroller-General of Finance. In admiration of our own Adam Smith, we are apt to forget that, before the "Wealth of Nations" had appeared, a man whose ideas on Free Trade and free labour were the same as Adam Smith's, was given the most magnificent chance ever afforded to an economist to carry out his schemes of reform. One finds it difficult to conceive of a territory covering some 4,000,000 acres, peopled by only some 500,000 peasants, who lived during one-half of the year on buckwheat bread, and during the other on the chestnuts of the forests which shut in this desolate region, and it is all but incredible that close on 50 per cent of the produce should have been taken from them for Government and Court purposes. How, in his thirteen years of office, Turgot managed to collect the taxes, and yet so to relieve and distribute the burden that he left Limoges amid the tears and blessings of the peasantry, is one of the noblest stories of splendid courage and incessant work on record. And how, as Comptroller-General of Finance, among other stupendous reforms, he abolished the *corvées*, suppressed the Jurandes that were strangling labour, and ultimately fell amid general rejoicing from all classes, is one of the deepest tragedies of history. The book may be cordially recommended to those who desire to have an elementary knowledge of France during the seed-time of the Revolution.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

"Julian the Philosopher, and the Last Struggle of Paganism against Christianity." By Alice Gardner. (Heroes of the Nations Series.) London and New York: Putnam's Sons. 1895.

THE Emperor Julian, meeting us, whether as Philosopher or Apostate, in a roll of "heroes of the nations," in the company of Theodoric the Ostrogoth and Henry of Navarre, invites the questions, What are heroes of the nations? and in what sense does he deserve to be included? In the case of such men as Henry and Theodoric, these questions do not occur; for we feel instinctively that their right to places in such a series is beyond question. A hero, in the common use of the

word, Julian certainly and obviously was, as a man who contended for an idea against great odds. But a man may be a hero, and yet not a hero of a nation or of an aggregate of nations. Julian does not belong to those who have helped or guided a people or an empire into some predestined path; he did not develop a national instinct, express a national need, or realize a national aspiration. He cannot claim to have drawn his subjects from obscurity, raised them from barbarism, or rescued them from tyranny; he discovered no new world for their development. And though he was a remarkably able statesman and general, he inaugurated no new epoch of military glory or civil progress. On the contrary, he tried to throw the world back, and divert it from the road which it was determined to follow. He strove against his century, like Napoleon. But though in Napoleon's case also the century proved too strong, Napoleon is indisputably a national hero; for he is regarded as such by the French, and represents their ideal of military glory. So too Julian might be regarded as a national hero, if, though his immediate work was ineffectual, he had impressed posterity with his ideas, and had been looked up to as an inspiring figure by those who came after him. But this posthumous success he never attained. Miss Gardner, who can think as well as read and write, betrays her consciousness that Julian may find some difficulty in establishing his right to a place in the series to which she has contributed his biography. Perhaps she hardly puts the difficulty in its true shape. We can see no objection to a "reactionary hero," for he might be the hero of a reactionary party; the question is, Can a reactionary hero, whose reaction has failed, be also a national hero? In discussing this very question Miss Gardner makes a very philosophical remark:

"Here we would only say that the fact of his being a reactionary ought not unduly to prejudice us against him at the outset. For even if the upward progress of mankind were as sure and as steady as some optimistic philosophers would have us believe, yet such philosophers cannot deny that in the course of the march some good things are often dropped by the way, in order, perhaps, that yet better things, incompatible with the older, may be securely grasped. And if this is so, the passing generation has no right to undervalue the services of those who would call its attention, sometimes, perhaps, in overstrained and querulous tones, to the glories of the treasures which are being lost, but of which, perchance, some fragments may yet be recovered" (page 4).

If we pursued this train of ideas, we might come to regard Julian as, to use Heine's phrase, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, whose ideal, indeed, would have been retarding to any society which had adopted it, but who may have been something better and greater than a mere hero of the nations, may have been inspired by some principle higher than the *Zeitgeist*, and represented a protest against the Philistine view that the winning cause is always the cause of reason.

In any case the series is to be congratulated on including, whether justly or not, this admirable monograph, based on original research and agreeably written. More admirable even than Miss Gardner's historical method is her truly historical spirit. She has her sympathies well under control, and never forgets that her object is not to prove that Julian was wrong or right, but simply to enable her readers to understand his position. We cannot follow her here into his early life, or his campaigns, nor discuss the details of his administration. We must be content with touching on two difficulties in his position as a religious reformer, which have been very clearly realized and ably dealt with by the authoress.

"His religion was Hellenism; he aspired to be a Greek of the Greeks. Yet both in his religious philosophy and in the religious cults which he chiefly preferred, there is a very strong admixture of Oriental thought and feeling, and the philosopher whom he most deeply reveres, Iamblichus of Chalcis, was more than half a Syrian. But we must remember that for centuries the process had been going on by which Oriental elements were being assimilated into the substance of Greek thought. . . . The religion of Julian in his public capacity was Romano-Hellenism. In his private observances and dominant thoughts he was a follower

of Mithraicism or the philosophy of Solar Monotheism" (p. 174).

Passing by the repulsive compound—we had almost said the *vox nihili*—"Romano-Hellenism," this is a very good statement of the case. Julian's ideal was to restore Hellenism; but this was not a pure, it was an Orientalized, Hellenism. The worship of Helios or Sol Invictus was simply the worship of Mithras construed into Greek or Latin. Thus a lover of old Greece, a modern humanist, need not regret Julian's failure; since the Hellenism which the Apostate attempted to establish was stained to the core with Oriental mysticism. And in his character and temper Julian was as different from the old Greeks as his religion was from their philosophies. Aspiring to associate with them, he shows in his works that he was not "to the manner born"; he could not divest himself of the circumstance that he was a fourth-century Greek. His temperance was not that of Socrates; it tended towards the inhumanities of asceticism. His religious emotions, certainly, were not fully under the control of his brain. He was zealous for divine things with a zeal that transgressed the limits of the divine sobriety which distinguished the old Hellenes. Greek culture, which he studied assiduously, does not seem to have breathed into him, as it breathed into Landor,

"a love

Of earthly things as bright as things above."

This is the impression we gain from his writings, which were composed hurriedly and lack the polish of "Attic emery" which we might expect in the works of the genuine Hellenist. Such a religious enthusiast as Julian was no true follower of the Hellenic philosophers, however plausibly he might have claimed to be possessed of the Eros, which, according to Plato in the "Phædrus," is the beginning of wisdom. Though religious tolerance was one of his principles, he hardly succeeded himself in satisfying its uttermost demands; and we may doubt whether if his reign had been protracted it would have been marked by what Gibbon calls "the mild spirit of antiquity."

Another question with which Julian's biographer has to deal, and on which Miss Gardner has made some interesting observations, is the bitter hatred that he manifested towards "the Galilean" and his teachings, notwithstanding the circumstance that so many of his own ethical ideas were of an essentially Christian character. To impute this hatred to the fact that he was instructed by Arian teachers is merely Nicene prejudice. Miss Gardner thinks that his ardent Hellenism alone may explain it.

"The great problem is not so much why he was not a Christian as what made him such an ardent Hellene. For it was the ideas of Hellenic mythology and philosophy which so entirely possessed his mind as to make the reception or even any faint comprehension of the Christian ideal a total impossibility to him. While he was yet in his student days, his young and enthusiastic mind saturated with Greek culture, moving in a world peopled with the imaginations of Greek poets, and illumined by the splendid speculations of Greek philosophers, felt a bitter scorn and indignation in seeing this culture and this world receding before the inflowing tide of new principles totally foreign to his whole view of life. For whatever may have been the case with less ardent souls, or with more quiet minds, with him, at least, no compromise between Christianity and Hellenic culture was in any degree possible" (p. 172).

It may be thought that Julian's extreme detestation of Christianity, his incapacity for understanding those sides of it with which he was fundamentally in sympathy, is thus sufficiently accounted for. But on psychological grounds there is something to be said for ascribing his bitterness to the fact that he was an apostate—an apostate in no invidious sense, but from doctrines in which, without his choice, he was instructed as a child. It may be conjectured that, if he had in riper years approached the study of the Christian system as a stranger, he might have done it more justice. One meets men nowadays who, having been trained in childhood by Calvinistic parents or pastors to believe in the fires of hell, feel afterwards a very keen resentment when they remember that they were taught, and spiritually offended by, a doctrine which they have come to regard as barbarous. It is conceivable that some such resentment may have

helped to generate in Julian's soul not merely hostility but spite against Christianity.

The usual and obvious comment on the episode of Julian is that the words which he was said to have spoken at his death—*vicisti Galilæe!*—sum up the value of his ideal and express the result of his reign. Miss Gardner goes deeper than that. She sees in his ideal a sort of anticipation of the Renaissance, and concludes her valuable study thus:

"If Julian was mistaken in thinking that the religious ideas lately come from Palestine would soon pale before the revived glories of Greece, no less shortsighted were those who thought that Hellenism was buried in the Emperor's grave. Sometimes for better, sometimes for worse, the two streams have blended, till it is now hard to conceive what either might have been apart from the other. We cannot feel that the triumphal cry of Julian's enemies, which has seemed ever to echo round his death-bed, has been fully justified at the bar of history."

And Miss Gardner, who is not one of Julian's enemies, adds the subtle epigram: "It is the Christ, not the Galilean, that has conquered."

ANOTHER VIEW OF STAMBOULOFF.

"La Bulgarie au lendemain d'une crise." Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1895.

PARTISAN books are at least lively reading, and this brief for Prince Ferdinand is no exception. We have him set down, or rather set up, as the real Maker of Bulgaria, while Stambouloff appears as a mere fly or even drag upon the wheel. "It was Prince Ferdinand," we are told, "who by his trusty and unflinching tact, by the discreet and constant proofs of his personal loyalty, managed to dissipate the obstinate mistrust of Bulgaria by Turkey." Nor was the Prince ever really Russophil. He desired peace with Russia, certainly, but neither more nor less than he desired it with the other Powers. In the declaration of policy with which he inspired Dr. Stöiloff last November, he declared his desire for "the re-establishment of normal relations with Russia, on condition that that Power should exact nothing more than the friendship due for services already rendered to Bulgaria." That is to say, he is only so far Russophil that he is not actively and provocatively Russophobe. On the other hand, we are told that M. Stambouloff was ready to make any concessions to any foreign Power willing to gratify his ambitions. During the interregnum after the final departure of Prince Alexander he went to Aleko Pasha-Vogorides, late Governor-General of Eastern Roumelia, and offered him the crown of united Bulgaria "on condition that he, Stephen Stambouloff, should be definitely recognized as heir-apparent under the name of Stephen I." Both at that time and subsequently, we are told with much wealth of detail, he made appeal after appeal for a personal reconciliation with Russia, persistently but in vain. He told Dondukoff Korsakoff, when he took leave of him beside two enormous oaks outside Sofia, that their two countries must remain as indissolubly united as those trees, whereupon the Russian, deeply moved by this not over apt comparison, fell upon his neck and "sealed the compact with tears and kisses." But like many Russian compacts, it did not find ratification at headquarters, and Stambouloff's advances were invariably rebuffed. In 1891 "Kussewitch, the Archimandrite of Sofia, was informed of the conditions upon which Stambouloff was ready to work for an understanding between Bulgaria and Russia. The Archimandrite understood at once, and imparted the communication to the Russian Exarch, Monsignor Joseph, who thereupon put himself into communication with Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople." The reply was that Russia would have no dealings whatever with Stambouloff, whereupon the latter hastened to Prince Ferdinand with violent denunciations of the Exarch for his treachery in negotiating with M. de Nelidoff. He even sent policemen to search the house of the Archimandrite Kussewitch, but the latter having known his Stambouloff, nothing was found. Meanwhile Stambouloff was in constant fear lest Prince Ferdinand should make peace with Russia on his own account, and he even sent a refugee named

Teocharoff to St. Petersburg as a spy, but nothing, of course, was discovered.

In the matter of Stambouloff's personal courage, a matter of frequent and hot dispute, the author is by no means complimentary. When the Russo-Turkish war broke out, most of the Bulgarian refugees in Roumania joined the Russian army, and "Stambouloff could not do otherwise than set out with them, but he did not do so as a soldier." He was appointed a clerk to a Russian contractor named Jeinoff, and accompanied a troupe or Cossacks in the Balkans, making requisitions of meal, corn, hay, and straw from his own countrymen. When the war was over, however, he had himself elected "President of the Corps of the Volunteers of 1877, and was photographed at their head. For we must know that he had a passion, if not for military exploits, at any rate for military distinctions." When the Bulgarian army was organized by the Russians after the war, "Stambouloff was set down as liable to conscription, but he moved heaven and earth to get himself exempted. During the Servian war he kept himself well out of the reach of danger in the quarters of the foreign journalists; but when the battle of Slivnitza had put an end to the campaign, he imposed himself as *aide-de-camp* to Colonel Nicolajeff, the commander of the Bulgarian troops, which the Havas agency announced in a very pathetic manner, saying that M. Stambouloff had enrolled himself as a volunteer in the heroic Bulgarian army. *Post discrimina ærum!* When Prince Alexander made his triumphant entry into Sofia, Stambouloff could be perceived occupying one of the most conspicuous positions in the escort of the hero of Slivnitza. Later on, the first reward which he claimed from Prince Ferdinand, on the latter's arrival at Sofia, was the Grand Cordon for Military Valour." And once more: "Stambouloff himself related, the day after the murder of Beltcheff, how he had fled, with a revolver in each pocket, and protected by a troop of gendarmes, directly he heard behind him the shot which killed his friend."

We gave our own view of Stambouloff last week, and have endeavoured to do full justice to this other and opposite view. However displeasing these stories may be to us or to any one else, and however little weight we may attach to a book sheltered by anonymity, we cannot but recommend it to those who like to hear all sides, as well for its limpid and polished style as for the picturesqueness of its descriptions and the ingenious marshalling of its facts.

THE ART OF ILLUSTRATION.

- "Shakespeare's Merry Wives of Windsor." Presented in eight designs by Walter Crane. London: G. Allen. 1895.
- "Spenser's Fairie Queene." Edited by T. J. Wise. With illustrations by Walter Crane. Part IV. London: G. Allen. 1895.
- "A Catalogue of Pictures and Sketches." By G. Mason and G. Pinwell. Exhibited at the Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, March, 1895. To which is prefixed an essay by H. Quilter, M.A., barrister-at-law. Illustrated. 1895.

A BASTARD art at the best, the art of illustration has secured only in a few rare instances a perfect union between the artist and his theme. For curious infelicity, Mr. Crane's choice of "Shakespeare's Merry Wives" as a subject for his pen, or the publisher's choice of Mr. Crane, could not easily be surpassed. Perhaps Mr. Crane wished to emulate a parallel experiment of Mr. Beerbohm Tree; but he cannot be allowed the praise of having accomplished a *tour de force*. His Falstaff is a stage Falstaff bolstered out with pillows. Not one of his designs could conceivably move any one to laughter. The somewhat meagre graces of Mr. Crane's art, so facile in posturing those lean youths or tortuous maidens—how odd, how incongruous they appear, in connection with the joyous, broad, exuberant mirth of Shakespeare's flesh and blood! We do not complain that the artist is wanting in Shakespeare's qualities; but that, wanting them, he has attempted what for him was impossible. But perhaps Mr. Crane intended to be frankly decorative, to ignore the dramatic, the human element in his designs? We can only reply that, first,

the comedy chosen is one that lends itself little to mere decoration; secondly, the decorative effect obtained is distinctly poor. The drawings are reproduced by the Dallas type process; and Mr. Crane informs us that the reproduction has been very successful. We have not seen the originals, but should imagine that the process had been very successful indeed. The effect of pen and ink is wonderfully given, with a rich quality of colour.

Turning to the new part of Mr. Wise's edition of the "Fairie Queene," which in print and paper is delightful, we anticipated at least a better harmony between artist and subject. But the designs here are even more disappointing. What has happened to Mr. Crane? We do not expect from him masterly draughtsmanship, nor profound imagination, but we do expect a certain pleasant grace, a fertile fancy. Here, the headpieces are the only designs that approach success; one or two of them are quite happy. In the full-page drawings, however, some of the borders are of an extraordinary poverty, and executed with a line that has the insensitive hardness of a tracing; while the illustrations, which they enclose, seem to have been conceived and carried out in an equally hurried fashion. Ineffective as decoration, they provide us with nothing to atone for their weak drawing; and the knock-kneed knights, languidly grasping shields and spears that seem too heavy for them, and the girls, with indefinitely long arms, in distressingly uncomfortable attitudes, have to rely on their unaided charms. Mr. Crane was never triumphant in expressing natural forms by simple and happy conventions; and these forest-backgrounds show a more than usual want of real invention, a more than usual complication of unmeaning lines.

It is a pleasure to turn from Mr. Crane's failures to the very interesting illustrations of this Catalogue. They are woodcuts, after original drawings by George Pinwell and J. W. North; thirteen by the former and three by the latter artist. Mr. Quilter's essay gives us a good deal of information about Mr. Quilter, and a little about Pinwell. Let us be grateful for the little. Pinwell, who died young, at thirty-three, was a loss to English art. He confined himself chiefly to black and white, and to illustration, but within his limits he accomplished fine things. Without seeing the original drawings which have been exhibited at Birmingham, one can only make conjectures as to the amount they have lost in the cutting. But any one who has seen drawings by Pinwell, or who has ever compared a Dalziel cut with its original, understands how much eluded even those skilful engravers. Yet in spite of the interposition of an alien hand and a stubborn material, how much survives! The cut of the children fishing is especially notable, because Pinwell, as a rule, was more intent on realizing his subject than on decorative effect; but here the bank, with the two children and their rods, the cows in the wide fen, with Boston stump solitary on the sunset horizon, are wrought into a beautiful and original design. Almost more remarkable is the "Anglers," in which the crinoline is treated with admirable boldness and simplicity, suggesting the effects got by much later designers, such as Mr. Beardsley. Certainly, Pinwell was an artist of power, individual and imaginative. Mr. Quilter institutes a number of comparisons between him and Fred Walker, from which we learn many things. Walker, we find, was "at heart a Greek," yet, on the next page, he is "late nineteenth century in feeling to the core." He was "not an Englishman" at heart, yet he "took all his subjects and all his ways of looking at them (how many ways had he?) from the people round him." Though "a Greek," he had "little or no imagination." He had only the faintest sympathy with poetry, yet his work was poetical. He subtracted from human life all its ugliness, yet accepted and made the best of the facts of everyday life. And so on, through a stream of hazy contradictions, Mr. Quilter discourses; he can say nothing without instantly hedging with a qualification, which suggests another, and another, till he has built up what he thinks an impregnable position. And so it would be, if he had not given away all his points beforehand.

George Mason's art, we are told, is "as national as a Jingo poem." Mr. Quilter has thought it worth while to reprint this instructive simile from "*Sententiæ Artis*."

He does not tell us, what we believe to be an established fact, and what is more interesting, that Mason was colour-blind. Pinwell, it appears, was "very morbid in feeling," because he was "a dreamer of dreams," because he did not accept and make the best of facts; and this is to be healthy, according to the ordinary notion, *which*—Mr. Quilter adds, in one of his delightful parentheses—is *certainly not a true notion*. Over Pinwell's designs hangs "that dimly seen but divine halo that divides Shelley from Southey." If seen at all, why "dimly"? And how can a halo divide two persons? In what remote particular does Pinwell suggest Shelley, or Walker Southey? What critical tact! What felicity! Mr. Quilter's final verdict on Pinwell's technique is that "E dunno where 'e are!" might not unfairly be quoted of it. If we may reply on Pinwell's behalf, we will hasten to return the elegant compliment of his critic.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

"A Country Muse." By Norman Gale. Second Series. Containing fifteen New Poems. London: Archibald Constable.

"The Tenth Muse: and other Poems." By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

"O SWEET for mothers growing old
To know their boys approach success!"
says Mr. Gale, and if to produce fifty-five commonplace, drearily commonplace, sets of verse, containing no single fine thought, no single delicate fancy, be to approach success, Mr. Gale has approached it very nearly. His Muse sings of the country in a familiar strain: there is a vast deal of Colin, Chloris, and Clarinda, and of Cupid—for the most part sleeping "in a haunt of lace and bliss," or, with less originality, in "the tangles of her hair." Now Mr. Gale seems to have as much understanding of the art he bungles as might have shown him that a man can only make this affectation of an affectation bearable by the exercise of an extreme grace and skill: he is innocent of these qualities, and Colin is in love with Jane, because Jane rhymes with plain. His images are as commonplace as his thought: "the singing lark, the poet's match," comes tripping off his tongue with the most natural air in the world; but whenever he leaves the safe ground of the obvious, it is to display an astounding knack of the inappropriate and the far-fetched. He talks of "spikes of passion"; and fruit-trees netted against birds are like statues, draped "before their great unveiling," whilst Faith moulders like the shanks of lions slain in the desert. He has a very wide knowledge of stock epithets, and is always displaying it: banks are "thymy," thickets "mazy," arms "rounded"; and a king is "sceptred," a pool "shaded," a rill "unpolluted."

Touching the technique,

"Apollo gave my rustic muse

Her artless shepherd-songs to sing,"

he tells us; and they are artless. He has that slovenly trick of leaving the first and third lines of a stanza unrhymed; and his rhymes are neither rich nor felicitous. Indeed, they are as stale as his epithets; "bliss," of course, rhymes with "kiss," save when he indulges in such vagaries as rhyming "niggard" with "figured," or "there" with "orchestra." The rhythm is a little better than the rhyme, many of the sets of verses, indeed, run with a thin music infinitely suggestive of the drawing-room ballad, while some of them jig along, jig is the exact word, to melodies of the nigger minstrel. The touches of humour go no way to relieve their dullness; Mr. Gale has a pretty humour, and always marks its efforts by points of exclamation, "God forbid . . . my love and I should rank you birds in low and upper classes!" "The voluble thrush is a family man!" and the bee is a "bibulous rover!" But the touches of humour are less distasteful than the occasional suggestions of sensuality, the sensuality of the curious schoolboy, pointing out, with a most unpleasant unctuousness, the charms that may lie in unsuspected places. It is in truth a dreary volume of silly effusions, the more exasperating for their mawkish prettiness and hopeless facility. It is difficult to excuse them on the ground of haste; for having carefully considered the

former edition, he has struck out many of the lyrics, which originally appeared there, and added fifteen new ones. But we gather that what Mr. Gale loses in poetic power, he gains in self-complacency.

It is a nice question whether Mr. Gale or Sir Edwin Arnold has the greater popularity; but the verse of the latter is to the verse of the former, as the hearty roaring of a pantomime lion to the plaintive bleating of a toy lamb. He is a past master of claptrap, of the turgid, the bombastic, and the rhetorical; and we are at a loss whether to envy him more the knowledge of languages which enables him to translate indifferently from so many tongues, or the superb assurance with which he dubs his execrable verse, poems.

It is good for a man to love his profession, especially if he be a journalist; but if he solemnly demands for it a shrine on Helicon, it is not good to babble of "patient crowds" of pressmen, and of its "service wrought in silence and sedateness." This American affectation of humorous misstatement, even in an "unusual song" of eighteen twelve-lined stanzas, detracts from the dignity of the theme. His loyalty is fervent; and the extraordinary awkwardness of its expression was doubtless calculated to prevent any suspicion of his founding on it a claim to the post of laureate: but we do not know, though we cast no doubt on his assertion that the Highland maid knew, whether he did not enter Crathie church because of his "soiled shoes," or because he was overcome by the memory of a mosque "supremely reared" with domes below as well as above. The memory of so curious an architecture might stay the steps of any man. The book is full of inferior translations, and, with the license of a master, Sir Edwin Arnold has seen fit to disregard the rule that bids a man translate a poem, closely and accurately if he can, but at any rate into a good poem. His translations are not good poems, nor indeed poems of any kind, so that we can only suppose that they are accurate. In that case he has been so unfortunate as to select nothing worth translating. Possibly, the most remarkable of them are from the verses of a French poet, who "hymns and twangles," to use Sir Edwin Arnold's own apt phrase, of the "wrigglings scandalous" of the sea. In them he complains that it is "sexless," and a "monstrous female creature"; that it is "a bowl of blood the bloodsucker doth drain"; and that it is "hungry-bellied tibs." What is the French for "hungry-bellied tibs"?

Though the technique of the verse is of a marvellous clumsiness, it must be admitted that many of the lines scan; many, again, do not, especially:

"By name Arjunako—and bound that worm."

Many of the unnecessary Japanese and Hindoo words and phrases that Sir Edwin Arnold uses are translated in convenient footnotes; but there are twenty-two, and two Scotch words on page 46, untranslated, and a translation of them might give an air of greater finish to the second edition.

DOCTOR STARK MUNRO.

"The Stark Munro Letters." By A. Conan Doyle. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

MR. CONAN DOYLE is the most irregular of popular writers, as Mr. Norris, before his short-story indiscretions, was the most reliable. Sometimes Mr. Conan Doyle comes to you in the likeness of a genius, sometimes as an ingenious bore, sometimes as a lady-like young author of the tenderest type. There is the Conan Doyle of Micah Clarke, there is the Conan Doyle of Sherlock Holmes (now happily dead), and the Conan Doyle of the Great Shadow, and even weaker things. And here it seems are several new phases of this many-faceted man—phases good, bad, and indifferent. Little is indifferent: mainly the book is very good and very bad. At pages the reviewer was bored to death, at other pages delighted. For the first time in many months he laughed aloud at the fun in a book as he read of the inimitable Cullingworth's medal for courage. Decidedly it is a book to read; as decidedly it is a book to read with many skips. When Stark Munro leaves his prospects on earth and turns to theology he is intolerable. His letters then become just the very kind of

stuff that will be read over and over again to the spirits of theologians in torment. It is the most rudimentary of puerile scepticism, the very teething of the soul. Only an upper-form boy, or his intellectual equivalent, will find any interest in these speculative passages of the letters.

It is probable that Mr. Conan Doyle set out to be unentertaining, and came upon his better self by the way. The book seems to have been designed to present us the mental and moral development of Doctor Stark Munro between his student days and the attainment of a practice, and certainly it marks the advance made by public opinion when a popular author, who no doubt fully intends to remain popular, can make his hero arrive at, and abide in, unorthodox conclusions. Twenty years ago this volume would have been expelled from the typical middle-class household as an "infidel publication." Only a deathbed repentance could have redeemed its iniquity. Now the Doctor's theological discoveries will simply be passed over by the great majority of its readers as somewhat dull platitudes. Happily young medical men do not live by doubting alone, and so we come to the interest of the book. Like *Antæus*, the story gains strength every time it comes to earth. A novel without any sustaining love interest worth mentioning is in itself something to be grateful for. The plot of the story, so far as there is a plot, deals with Stark Munro's footing in the world. He begins as an assistant, rises to a partnership, starts a practice of his own on ten pounds or so, and succeeds. His life all alone in the unfurnished home at Birchespool, the details of his housekeeping and the advent of his first patients, make excellent reading; so, too, do Miss Wotton, "Miss Wotton's husband" and "Miss Wotton's sister," who subsequently develops into the loyal Miss Williams. But the light and glory of the book is Stark Munro's partner, the magnificent Cullingworth, noisy, high coloured, evil tempered, exuberant, full of lunatic inspirations and indestructible self-confidence, a born patentee, a heroic liar, a generous cheat. He jumps out of a window to save the reputation of a lady, he rescues a drowning child to the immediate peril of his own life, he ransacks the pockets of Stark Munro's house jacket and reads the letters he finds, and in his day of prosperity he never pays the Avonmouth tradesmen who have let their bills stand over to give him another chance. Narrow little Mrs. Cullingworth, who worships him and hates all his enemies and most of his friends, is worthy of him. Mr. Conan Doyle has never done anything equal to the invention of this wonderful couple. They go through the book, vivid, consistent, and convincing, making everything else seem pale beside them. For them we can forgive Mr. Conan Doyle his choice of the impossible epistolary form, forgive him his cheap agnosticism, forgive even those errors of his literary youth that have brought so many Doctor Nikolas and Martin Hewitts into the world of magazines. Amidst the multitude of characters that pass through the novel-reader's mind, the Cullingworths are of the few that establish themselves permanently in the imagination. This must be read about to be understood. We are almost minded to furnish a kind of guide to this novel, on the model of the instruction papers a coach supplies to his pupils, this style of thing: "Read pp. 14 to 20; omit pp. 21, 22." Irregular as it is, the book, taken altogether, is by a long way the most sincere, original, and permanent piece of work that Mr. Conan Doyle has so far done.

FICTION.

"Dialogues of the Day." Edited by Oswald Crawford. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

MR. OSWALD CRAWFORD loves his idea of short-story in dialogue as though it was an only begotten son. His conception of dialogue differs essentially from that of Plato, who used it chiefly for its convenience in focussing divergent views upon a question under discussion. To Mr. Crawford, unless we misunderstand his introduction, fiction in dialogue form is chiefly to be admired on account of its inconvenience. To him a dialogue is an eccentric literary gymnastic, the ordinary short story of commerce rewritten in an extraordinary way, deprived, that is, for

no particular reason, of narration, description, and reflection, and, apart from the technicalities of stage directions, printed in the form of a play. One evident disadvantage of this arbitrary and needless restriction is that the personal appearance of the interlocutors is left entirely to the imagination of the readers; they are empty names chatting together; and this inadequacy has been so far admitted in this book that each dialogue is preceded by a full-page illustration supplying the scenes and speakers. In another direction too, these short-story dialogues are necessarily defective. They are so short that there is no scope for either wit or humour, every line has to contribute directly to the development, and the development has to be that of some familiar social grouping or some conventionally acceptable emotion. So that Mr. Oswald Crawford's fourteen contributors, in spite of their variegated possibilities, are here at a dead level of effect. In the cramped home of the short-story dialogue, as in the grave, all clever people are equal, and even Mr. Anthony Hope and Miss Violet Hunt are shorn of their distinctive wit and gaiety. The possible formulæ for this kind of work are probably very few in number. You have, for instance, the formula on which a person A talks to a person B of an absent person or thing. C has a relation to B unknown to A. In "The Bear and the Lady," A is a stockbroker, B is a lady, C her husband. B discovers C has been making large sums of money and keeping it from her. In "Doubly Sold," A and B are ladies going to a sale, C is a much-sought-after bargain. In "A Point of Honour," A is a poor girl loving C, an impecunious man, who has engaged himself to B. In "A Human Sacrifice," A is an authoress who tells an imaginary story about her husband C, which happens really to be true of him and B. In "An Unrehearsed Effect," A is a girl in love with B, and C is his wife supposed to be dead, but in reality a music-hall dancer. In the last named the formula is varied by her actual appearance on the scene. But after so much, the mere sight of two people talking of a third makes the reader anticipate the inevitable disclosure. Of course this monotony is the natural outcome of a method which depends entirely on the development of a situation between necessarily almost abstract interlocutors, and from which all other possibility of interest has been excluded. It renders this collection far less readable than are its constituent pieces when isolated. Clever the work indubitably is, but we can no more regard these dialogues as art than we can regard a broomstick match as cricket. The matter is the common short story of everyday life ingeniously disguised in an ill-fitting costume; the method is dialogue misapplied. That the public will display any eagerness for a second series of this kind of thing we find it hard to believe.

"A White Umbrella." By Sarnia. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"My Japanese Wife." By Clive Holland. Westminster: Constable & Co. 1895.

"The Red Spell." By Francis Gribble. Westminster: Constable & Co. 1895.

"The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock." By Anna Katharine Green. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

Here are four little books, none calling for detailed criticism, and each in its province excellent. "A White Umbrella" is a bright, well-written love story. The lovers are an impecunious art amateur and a widow. There are two other stories—"A Ballet in the Skies," which is not particularly remarkable, and "The Players," a wonderfully imagined allegory of good and ill luck. This last is by far the best thing in the book. The present reviewer, after reading it (and detesting superlatives), put it aside to re-read, and he witnesses deliberately that it is as remarkable and noteworthy a piece of writing as anything he has found for some little time. "My Japanese Wife" is as slight as it is clever. Story there is none to tell; you are simply presented to a young Englishman courting and marrying a *mousmé*, and yet, in some subtle way that possibly Mr. Clive Holland himself could not explain, you are made to fall in love with the little woman in the obi, sympathize with her husband, rejoice exceedingly over the *mesalliance*, and feel that you have known both the young people all their lives. The book,

with its inset illustrations, is bright and original from cover to cover, and even the cover is original. The "Red Spell" is perhaps of a more ordinary type than the preceding couple of books, but it is well built and interesting, dealing very effectively with the conflict between a Communist leader's conception of duty and his love for a *bourgeois* shop-girl. "The Doctor, His Wife, and the Clock" is a rapid story of murder and jealousy, as convincing as it need be, and skilfully constructed. The tale hangs on the idea of a blind man mistaking the next door house for his own, an idea which was also used by Conway in his "Called Back," a book that had a very extensive sale seven or eight years ago. So far as our memory of that book serves us, we are inclined to think that "Anna Katharine Green's" development of the idea is the more plausible and ingenious of the two.

"The Story of a Baby." By Ethel Turner. The Nautilus Series. London: Ward, Lock & Bowden. 1895.

"The Story of a Baby" is a mild little essay in domestic pathos which calls for no serious criticism. Husband and wife quarrel over this and that, and the baby says "Googul." Sometimes the husband is bad and that "googul" restores him, anon "googul" saves the wife from irreparable rashness. The book ends uneasily with an insincere repentance. The husband and wife are only too evidently incompatible, and the reconciling baby is steadily growing out of the "googul" stage. The husband and wife are commonplace persons enough, but they are indisputably alive, and the book is very passably written. However, if the story is not remarkable, the get-up of the book certainly is. Either Messrs. Dent & Co. or Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. have been borrowing ideas from the other; the resemblance of the "Nautilus" series to the pretty little "Iris" series forbids any other interpretation, and as the *Iris* series came to hand early this year we are inclined to assume the Nautilus livery is the plagiarism. In the prospectus we learn that the designs are ascribed to Professor R. Anning Bell; and until it can be shown that the Nautilus series was on hand before its predecessor, we shall regard him as an exceptionally acquisitive exponent of a normally too acquisitive branch of art. If the Nautilus cover is an imitation of Mr. West's pretty *Iris* cover, it is also an inferior imitation; the mermaid in the corner cannot compare for a moment with Mr. West's charming figure of *Iris*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Professional Women upon their Professions." Conversations recorded by Margaret Bateson. London: Horace Cox. 1895.

The general conclusion to be drawn from Miss Bateson's conversations is that women should not take up professions as a stopgap till they marry—at least, that this is not the right way to look upon a profession; it should be undertaken in the spirit of a life-work. It is perhaps the lack of a single-minded respect for their work which they feel, or fancy they feel, in some women, that causes the vague irritation men experience against women who work in a profession. "All-overish" is Miss Bateson's epithet for this soreness, which she acknowledges she cannot explain. A man may not love his profession; he may even refuse to become accustomed to it; but, as a rule, he sees from the beginning that it will occupy the bulk of his thoughts right on to the end, that it will be the unchanging factor at the back of everything in his life. If he comes across a girl who is obviously very eager to get on in her profession, and yet seems to have no solid foundation of respect for it in itself, he feels uncomfortable, and his discomfort and irritation cannot be explained as jealousy or selfishness, nor is it even mere conservatism. It strikes him that, for all her eagerness to get on, her work is not the first thing to this woman; it is not fundamentally of prime importance. She has another and a really dearer string to her bow. The strings, perhaps, become entangled sometimes; she may even use both together. However that may be, Miss Bateson's conversations can give rise to no such irritation, and the best of them is her own monologue on journalism. It has a cheery and sensible quality which will appeal to men as well as women.

"Modern Song from Classic Story." By G. Hunt Jackson. London: Spottiswoode & Co. 1895.

If this book were not the merest rubbish, it would be highly irritating. The history of the Greeks and Romans, you must know, was rife with error, marked by superstition and strife; but you need not be too conceited of your superior knowledge

because the ancients had glimpses of truth—and here they are, brought together by G. Hunt Jackson in 134 pages of exceedingly bad verse, "not unsuitable to the youthful scholar, though intended for the more advanced readers who love truth in the floral garb of verse." We distinctly object to the floral garb, and the truth is so vague that even with a constant recurrence to the mangled scrap of myth which heads every poem, it cannot be made out. This, for instance, is the symbolical explanation of Penelope and her tapestry-work: busy hands are engaged in life's tapestry; "then fall the hours of silence and of night, when busy fingers move no more in sight," and life's work lies unravelled; with each new morning, time begins again to weave the thread of life's unfolded skein, in losses and in gains, "a mortal hand unravels earthly glory, and life repeats the same old changeful story, while changeless love remains." The advanced reader may understand this, the youthful scholar must confess that he does not. Again, in order to explain the moral truth dimly shadowed forth by the clue which Ariadne gave to the man she loved, we are introduced, in the course of twenty-seven lines, to streams, reeds, water-lilies, boats, roundelays, gold-fish, a fairy wand, clouds, beams, dreams, and the poem opens with the two explanatory lines:

"Love, like a labyrinthine maze,
May be entangled in a stream"—

and heaven only knows what G. Hunt Jackson means by the two words, Love and Purity, which are used at every turn.

"The Great Bill." By Andrew Reid. London: The Ideal Publishing Union. 1895.

This is a full exposition of the scheme sketched by Dr. Reid in the June number of the "Fortnightly" for the founding of separate and self-contained rural republics in England. Parliament is to grant compulsory powers of obtaining and holding land to associations of 10,000 members; and rent compensation is to be fixed by State valuers on the average annual rent of the land for the last twenty-five years. Parliament is to help the first stage of these settlements by grants of food stores, seeds, and raw materials, or by allowing the associations to raise a loan. There is to be a working-day of five hours, and complete local autonomy.

"The Adventures of Arthur Roberts." Told by himself and chronicled by Richard Morton. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1895.

These good stories need the personal presence to make them go off; they hang fire in print. The jokes may be as good as those which have made us laugh when we sat "in front"; but for some reason they are not exactly a writer's jokes. Here and there the adventures remind us a little of Mark Twain; but the feeblest Mark Twain is likely to tell better in print, because it is aimed at a reader by a man whose characteristic weapon is the pen. A pun passes on the boards because the punster is off to something else before his pun sinks in, and, on the stage, if Mr. Arthur Roberts—this is a mere supposition for the sake of argument—were to make a more elaborate joke which was not brilliant, his personality would be there to defend it; he would stick to it with the steady glare of his eye, or lead us off the scent by the angle at which he wore his hat, or the way he held a Gladstone bag. Not that this book does not contain plenty of good things—it does; but it is hardly calculated to make a tired man lie back in his chair and shake with laughter.

"Baby Buds." By Ellis Ethelmer. Congleton: Messrs. Wolstenholme Elmy. 1895.

This little pamphlet will be a useful guide to those parents who do not wish their children to stumble through chance by-ways upon the tree of knowledge. The number of such parents cannot be small at this moment, and will probably increase, for a time at least. Some parents feel helpless, others are timid, and these pages will do something to help them to a decision. Any number of good men and women have grown up without such teaching as is here indicated, and not the least good quality of "Baby Buds" is that the author has prefixed no preface setting forth the advantages of her system. We are accustomed, and rightly accustomed, to look upon Rousseau as the discoverer in a large measure of many great things which especially concern us to-day, and yet his philosophy is also very far away. Our age is younger, a great deal younger, than Rousseau's, and it is interesting to compare his pages on Emile's adolescence with the teaching of which this pamphlet is a type. In spite of his love of Nature, Nature means even more here; with him humanity was still cut off from the rest of the world, and it was a humanity civilized to the last point, classical, old. The foundation of his idea for Emile's moral education may in some respects resemble that which we have here; but the carrying out was human and moral, whereas here we see man placed in a row with the flowers and beasts of the field, a part of the whole world. If the teaching which this pamphlet exemplifies is to be used at all it should be begun early, children should grow up in it; and so the author has done well to add this elementary course to the maturer "Human Flower." It is an advantage, too, that she has confined herself entirely to this world; for any parent who wishes may weave these lessons into religion, while its presence as an integral part in the system would have been a stumbling-block in the path of the others.

- "Songs of a Heart's Surrender and other Verse." By Arthur L. Salmon. London and Edinburgh: William Blackwood. 1895.
- "Chateaux en Espagne." By Percy Cross Standing. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.
- "On the Summit and other Poems." By Benjamin George Ambler. London: Elliot Stock. 1895.
- "Fugitive Fancies." By William Joseph Yeoman. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1895.
- "Songs of a Season." By Francis Kenna. Melbourne: Melville, Mullen & Slade. 1895.
- "A Life's History told in Homely Verse, and Miscellaneous Poems." By J. Reddie Mallett. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1895.

There is a more than an average amount of sense in Mr. Salmon's poems, and there is something pleasing and cultivated about his versification and language. The two narrative poems are hardly so satisfactory as the lyrics. Mr. Salmon is perhaps at his best in "Failed." Individual poetic fancies and a sensitive choice of words are not the preoccupation of Mr. Percy Cross Standing, and he often uses a facile sing-song metre which demands a bigger inspiration than he has been given. The author of "On the Summit" is a desolate questioner, and just a little grandiose at times. Mr. Yeoman's poems are not exciting, and it is characteristic that they are chiefly occasional—on the death of the Duke of Clarence, on H.M.S. Victoria, on Tennyson, Stevenson, and so on—or that they deal with set subjects such as Night, Morning, March, Christmas. There is a note of sincerity in those among the "Songs of a Season," which are personal; the poet has felt something at any rate, the melancholy is real; but he does not succeed when he leaves himself and becomes universal, as in the villanelle which sets forth what the world needs. Mr. Reddie Mallett's homely verse is on the whole a bore; after all, rhyme and metre (for the reader at least, if not for the poet) are peculiarities in the art of expression, peculiarities which need a justification; they should not be used unless they gain something—grandeur, beauty of expression, wit, clever manipulation of words. The probability that "A Life's History" would not have been written at all in prose is not justification enough.

- "Maynooth College, its Centenary History." By the Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., LL.D., M.R.I.A., Bishop of Macra and Coadjutor Bishop of Clonfert. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1895.

This is a most important and a singularly successful work. To begin with, it is a huge volume of 700 pages, and the reader will not find a dull page among them. The author in his preface remarks on the short time which was given him in which to complete so large an undertaking; the inaccuracies may exist, but perhaps it is partly owing to the shortness of the period in which it was composed that the book reads with such swing from beginning to end, and for all its learning and research has not the odour of a compilation. The Bishop of Macra has not merely written a chronicle of the College, though that would have been interesting enough; his work is really a history of Catholicism in Ireland, and it will carry away English readers into a region of which they have known very little. The first portion of the book is concerned with the fortune of Catholic education in the Penal Days, and surely for pathos and romance there is nothing in history to match the wandering teacher of the "hedge-schools" and the indomitable courage of the poor Irish scholars who crossed the sea to study in Paris, Lisbon, Salamanca, Seville, Louvain. Then came the French Revolution, and that meant the closing of the Irish Continental colleges. In that darkest hour the Bill for the foundation of Maynooth was passed. Dr. Hussey was appointed President, the first in the roll of great names connected with the College, and greatest of them all. Even the malicious criticisms of his enemies only add to the grandeur of the figure; we do not wish to disbelieve them entirely, for the faults charged to him are the faults which belong to the commanding nature. We gather a splendid picture of the man from Dr. Healy's pages. Not the least interesting portions of the book are the character sketches of the various men who thus pass in review before our eyes, men who differed absolutely in every feature except in their loyalty to their religion and to Maynooth—the two contemporaries, for instance, Dr. M'Hale, the uncompromising pamphleteer of the Emancipation era, and the sweet-natured, holy Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin. Dr. Healy has followed the excellent plan of keeping the internal history of the College quite distinct from its external relations; this not only adds to the clearness of the record, but allows the historian to go somewhat further afield in order to complete the sketches of his great men. The "Centenary History of Maynooth College" is, indeed, an enthralling book, and we hope it will pass into the hands of many readers besides those who are especially interested in the College.

- "A Technical Dictionary (English-French and French-English) of Sea Terms, Phrases, and Words." Compiled by William Pirrie, late Continental Marine Superintendent of the African Steamship Co. London: Crosby, Lockwood & Son. 1895.

This is a splendid little book, and the seamen, engineers, pilots, shipbuilders, and shipowners, for whom it was written,

owe a big debt of gratitude to the author. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, it will gain a larger circle of appreciation than is indicated on its title-page; it will be a valuable possession to every intelligent person who loves boats and the sea—even though he may never have occasion for the practical use of the information it contains. Indeed, any one who cares at all for the French language will find this book interesting reading.

- "Telling Stories from the 'St. James's Gazette.'" By W. Pett Ridge. London: "St. James's Gazette." 1895.

The stories are very poor; in fact, they are wrong from the beginning, for, with the exception of one or two, they are built on this scheme: A tells a certain gentleman that B is a fool, and in the last line the certain gentleman turns out to be B. Such awkward coincidences may be amusing in real life, but the only artistic way to handle them in a short story is to tell the reader at the beginning that B and the certain gentleman are the same person; whatever interest in the situation is left over after this confession is solid stuff for the artist, and it may be material for a fine study in Sophoclean irony. The amount of interest that would be left over in the case of Mr. Ridge's stories would be scarcely appreciable, for the surprise of misconception is the interest. Since the stories are written entirely for a surprise, the fact that, at any rate after the first, the surprises are no surprise does not improve matters.

We have also received "The Maxims and Reflections of La Rochefoucauld," edited, with a Preface, by W. H. Sonley Johnstone (Remington); "The Pet Canary," by W. H. Retts (L. Upcott Gill); "Greenhouse and Window Plants," by Charles Collins (Macmillan); "Morfologia Italiana," del Professore Egidio Gorra (Milano: Hoepli); "How to Enjoy a Holiday," Nestor's Wisdom, Mentor's Oracles (Unicorn Press); "Lectures on Disendowment," by the Right Rev. Lord Bishops of London, Bangor, and Stepney, the Ven. Archdeacon of London, the Rev. Prebendary Harry Jones, and the Rev. T. Moore (S.P.C.K.); "Books for Village Libraries," by Frank J. Burgoyne and John Ballinger, with notes upon the organization and management of Village Libraries by James D. Brown (Simpkin, Marshall); "The Institutions of Austria," by John P. Coldstream (Archibald Constable); "Thoughts on Life," selected from the writings of Thomas Carlyle by Robert Duncan (Chapman & Hall); "The Bhagavad Gita," translated by Annie Besant (Theosophical Publishing Society); "The Truth about Vaccination," by Ernest Hart, second edition (Smith Elder); "The Esoteric Basis of Christianity," by William Kingsland (Theosophical Publishing Society); "Der Arme Heinrich," by Hartmann von der Aue, edited, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by John G. Robertson, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D. (Swan Sonnenschein); "Odin's Horse Yggdrasil," by Eirike Magnusson, M.A. (S.P.C.K.); "Tractatus de Intellectus Emendatione," translated from the Latin of Spinoza by W. Hale White and Amelia Hutchison Stirling, M.A. (Fisher Unwin); "Interviews with the Immortals; or, Dickens up to Date," by Ananias Greea (Simpkin, Marshall); Vol. II. of "Scenes of Clerical Life" (William Blackwood); "The Parliamentary Poll Book," 1832-1895, fourth edition, originally compiled by the late J. H. McCalmont, B.C.L., M.A. (Edward Stanford); "Dod's Parliamentary Companion," 1895, second edition, New Parliament (Whittaker); "Feast-Day Hymns," selected and translated by J. P. Val D'Eremao, D.D., Latin and English (The Art and Book Co.)

LITERARY NOTES.

THERE is one time-honoured story which Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Mr. Thomas J. Wise will have to exclude from their forthcoming work, "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century." The writer of an article in the "Westminster Review" for October discredits the story of Charlotte's uncle searching London for the "Quarterly" Reviewer of "Jane Eyre"; and with reference to Hugh Brontë's refusal of admittance to the publishing house of Murray, he gives the following extract from a letter from the present head of that firm: "There is no record here of such a visit having taken place, and I never heard my father allude to it as a fact." By the way, why has the editor of the "Bookman" abandoned the purpose which he announced some time ago of issuing the complete works of Emily Brontë in one volume?

Mr. W. Roberts still adheres to his contention that the Free Library movement has proved a failure. In view of the fact that the Camberwell Central Library, which may be taken as a representative institution of its class, issues fiction to the extent of 70 per cent, that a large majority of its readers are young females, a considerable proportion of these being schoolgirls, and that in the second year since its establishment, which is just ending, there has been a very perceptible diminution in the number of readers contrasted with the first twelvemonth, it seems incontestable that the class for which free libraries were primarily intended has failed to avail itself to the full extent of the educational advantages offered.

Mrs. Meynell has made a selection from the poetical works of Mr. Coventry Patmore, which will be published very soon in book form.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be sent to the PUBLISHING OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND; or to the CITY OFFICE, 18 FINCH LANE, LONDON, E.C. A printed Scale of Charges may be obtained on application.

PARIS.

The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

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THE GIBRALTAR CONSOLIDATED GOLD MINES, LD.

(Gibraltar Hill, Adelung Gold District, N.S.W., Australia).—Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.—**CAPITAL £300,000**, in 300,000 Shares of £1 each, inclusive of £50,000 Cash Working Capital. All the Capital has been subscribed.

Directors.—A. Hoffnung, Esq. (Chairman), Hyde Park Court, Albert Gate, S.W. (Messrs. S. Hoffnung & Co., of Sydney, and 102, Fore Street, London, E.C.); Henry Seeböhm, Esq., 22, Courfield Gardens, S.W.; Deputy-Chairman of The Anglo-Australian Exploration, Limited; Leopold Yates, Esq., 54, Cornwall Gardens, S.W., formerly Metropolitan Magistrate and Gold Fields Warden of New South Wales; The Hon. Hubert Hanbury Tracy, of 17, Pall Mall, S.W.; Frank Taylor, Esq. (Messrs. John Taylor & Sons), 6, Queen Street Place, London, E.C.

Local Board of Management.—Hon. Sir Joseph Palmer Abbott, K.C.M.G., The Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, N.S.W.; Hon. Sir George Richard Dibbs, K.C.M.G., Ex-Premier of N.S.W.; Hon. Henry E. Cohen, formerly Colonial Treasurer and Minister of Justice of N.S.W.; Benjamin Francis Marks, Esq., Managing Partner of Messrs. S. Hoffnung & Co., Sydney; Joseph Edmund Vance, Esq. (Messrs. Hawkins & Vance), General Manager of the Gibraltar Hill Gold Mining Company.

Consulting Engineer in Australia.—M. Eissler, Esq., Member of the Institute of Mining Engineers of America, and Member of the Institute of Mining and Metallurgy of England.

Mining Manager.—W. D. P. O'Brien, Esq., Part-Proprietor and Manager of the Gibraltar Hill Gold Mining Company.

Bankers.—The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited, 112 Bishopsgate Street, E.C.

Solicitors.—Messrs. Ashurst, Morris, Crisp & Co., 17 Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.

Auditors.—Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, Bishop & Clarke, 41 Coleman Street, E.C.

Consulting Engineers and Managers in London.—Messrs. John Taylor & Sons.

Secretary and Offices.—W. F. Garland, Esq., 6 Queen Street Place, London, E.C.

The following particulars as to the position and prospects of the Mine have been prepared for the information of Shareholders:—

THE ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION, LIMITED, have selected through their Engineer, M. Eissler, Esq., the well-known and reliable Mining Engineer and Expert, the following extensive Mining Property, with water rights and races, including the celebrated Gibraltar Hill Gold Mining Area, G. L. No. 118, 24 acres 3 roods 6 perches, and six adjoining areas and leases, being respectively G. L. No. 39, 2 acres; G. L. No. 27, 7 acres; G. L. No. 9, 10 acres; G. L. No. 12, 5 acres 3 roods 7 perches; portion of Shepard's Lease, 22 acres 3 roods 15 perches; and an additional application of 10 acres, making a total of 82 acres, more or less, situated in the well-known, highly auriferous proclaimed Gold Field of Adelung, in the County Wynyard, New South Wales, distant about 20 miles from the Government Railway, and reached in about 16 hours from Sydney.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the foregoing Mining Areas and Water Rights.

The importance and vast extent of the auriferous gold-producing country of New South Wales, extending westerly from the coast inland, also north and south for hundreds of miles, may be gathered from the official Government maps; and in the records published in the Blue Book of 1894-5 it is stated by the Department of Mines that the value of the gold won from the opening of the goldfields to the end of 1894 is £41,010,658 18s. 5d., and the quantity and value won last year was 324,787 ozs., valued at £1,156,717 7s. 7d., being the largest yield of any year since 1873. Until very recently gold mining and treatment of auriferous ores in this region has been carried on in a crude and unscientific manner, there being but very few shafts sunk below 400 to 500 feet, and only two or three mines sunk to a depth of 800 to 1,000 feet, and the great bulk of the ores being highly mineralized and charged with pyrites, little general effort has thereto been made to concentrate and save the large percentage of gold the latter contains, but the introduction of modern methods and appliances, combined with capital for development at depth, will, it is anticipated, have the effect of not only largely increasing the gold output, but will also offer a most encouraging field for legitimate mining investment.

The Gibraltar Mine is a remarkably rich property, and the average yield of gold obtained from the several crushings of ore taken indiscriminately from the lode operated upon, places this property in the forefront of the gold-producing mines of Australia. It has been carefully and patiently investigated and exhaustively reported upon by M. Eissler, Esq., also by David Wilson, Esq., of Adelung, who has been connected with mining and milling operations in the district for a period of 36 years, and whose reputation is of the highest standing. The Chief Government Inspector of Mines, W. H. J. Slee, Esq., F.G.S., in his report to the Minister of Mines in August, 1894, directs particular attention to the rich character of the Mine, its successful development and prospects.

Copies of these Reports, *in extenso*, can be had on application at the Company's Office. The following particulars are taken from the said Reports:—

Lode Formation.—Highly mineralized, rich, and well-defined quartz lodes within a zone from six to eight hundred feet wide, and most of them traversing the area belonging to the property occur in the granite formation of the Gibraltar Hill, which rises to a height of between eight and nine hundred feet from the bed of the creek. A main fissure lode called the "Gibraltar" has been developed, and there are at least eight gold-bearing lodes visible in the property (as shown by the plans), from which it is estimated that at the lowest there was over £400,000 worth of gold won from the surface workings.

Mine Development.—The property has been developed at two shafts, at the "Radcliff" to a depth of 250 feet, and at the "Perkins" to a depth of 180 feet. Levels have been driven north and south from the former shaft at a depth of 160 feet and 230 feet, and in the latter at 170 feet. The levels in the Radcliff Shaft driven north and south prove that the lode is well defined, and carrying a rich ore shoot, which has up to the present been proved for a length of 350 feet; and at a distance of 100 feet further south the level at the Perkins' Shaft proves the existence of another rich shoot of gold having now a length of 210 feet, and the evidence exists that the fissure is one of considerable depth and longitudinal extent. The ores are unusually rich, which the actual milling returns prove, and the lode is continuous and not of a patchy nature.

A shaft has been sunk still further south and near the creek to a depth of 40 feet on rich ore. Mr. David Wilson states that he crushed at his mill 32½ tons of stone taken from this shaft, which yielded 68 ozs. 14 dwts. of free gold, and 4 tons 2 cwt. of pyrites, which were collected, and treated at the Clyde Works, Sydney, yielded 19 ozs. 2 dwts. 12 grs. of pure gold. This rich shoot of gold, together with other and parallel reefs in the Property, remain intact for future development.

Ore Reserves and Value.—1596 tons of ore taken from the Radcliff and Perkins' Shafts and treated at Wilson & Ritchie's battery have yielded 5969 ozs. 10 dwts. 21 grs., being an average of 3 ozs. 14 dwts. 19 grs. per ton, the gold being worth, as per Sydney Royal Mint Certificates, £3 17s. 6d. per ounce on an average.

The tailings from these crushings have unfortunately been allowed to run away down the Creek, but a portion of the tailings from the last crushing, about 200 tons, were saved, from which two samples were carefully taken, and which gave the average assay result of 13 dwts. 13 grs. of gold per ton of tailings.

To corroborate the statements as to the ore crushed, and to prove the value of the ore in sight, 12 bulk samples were taken from all parts of the lode in the Radcliff levels and shaft, and 8 bulk samples were taken from Perkins' Shaft, the assays ranged from 7 ozs. 2 dwts. 1 gr., to 13 ozs. 8 dwts. 20 grs. of gold per ton. The total average assay result of the 20 bulk samples from all parts of the mine was 4 ozs. 11 dwts. 12 grs. per ton, which result fully corroborates the statements as to the actual returns of gold obtained at Wilson & Ritchie's battery from the 1596 tons treated.

M. Eissler states that he blasted out of the lode in both shafts 202 bags of ore, weighing 3 tons 1 cwt. 20 lbs., which he personally treated at Messrs. Park, Lacey & Co.'s Metallurgical Works at Pyrmont, Sydney, which gave the average assay value of 4 ozs. 10 dwts. of gold per ton, and the tests prove that over 93 per cent of the ore value can be recovered by amalgamation and concentration alone, leaving the tailings to be treated by the Cyanide process, which would reduce the loss to a minimum.

The shoot of gold along the line of the lode so far proved in the workings of the Radcliff Shaft is 350 feet in length, calculating its continuance only below the point south marked on the working plans as Steadworthy Old Workings, and to the present depth of this shaft, namely, 250 feet. M. Eissler estimates the value of ore in sight in this limited area of the Property, and on an average of only 3 ozs. per ton, which he fully anticipates getting when working on a larger scale, will give a total of £80,000 yet to be recovered from this small area alone.

The shoot of gold in the Perkins' Shaft along the line of lode proved in the present workings for a length of 210 feet, and to the depth of the present shaft, will yield a further sum of £20,000 making a total value of gold in sight of £100,000 (One hundred thousand pounds). M. Eissler anticipates that shoots of gold will be found

between these two shafts and also north and south of them, as the levels are extended from both shafts judging by the surface indications.

Up to the present the richest ore comes from the lowest level, with all indications of the rich lode going down; and the mines of this locality have long since demonstrated the great depth of the lodes on which they are situated, and the possibilities of deep mining.

Results.—M. Eissler states that within 12 months he anticipates that the mine will be sufficiently opened up to ensure a steady output of 1,000 tons of ore per month, and in the meantime a considerable quantity of ore could be raised and treated in the Custom Battery if desired. He calculates that for a considerable time to come the Company can rely on raising ore of a high-class quality, which will yield an average result of 3 ozs. per ton, not wishing to adopt the working results now obtained as a criterion of what the ore will yield when operating on a large scale. When the mine is in full working order, this will give 3,000 ozs. of gold per month, which, at a value of

£3 17s. 6d. per ounce	£11,550 0 0
Equal to a production per annum of	£138,600 0 0
Cost of mining and milling 12,000 tons of ore at £2 10s. per ton	30,000 0 0
Which would leave a net profit	£108,600 0 0

Which is sufficient to pay a dividend of 35 per cent per annum on the capital of the Company.

It is anticipated that the parallel lodes and branch fissures existing in the property, and which from the surface have yielded very high gold returns, will prove a substantial adjunct in adding to the profits to be earned.

Surface and Section Plans of the Property, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

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Contributions will be thankfully received at the Office, 41 Fitzroy Square, W., by the Secretary, LIONEL F. HILL, M.A.

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INSTITUTION (supported solely by voluntary contributions).—The Committee earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS to enable them to keep their large fleet of 304 lifeboats and their crews in efficient working order. Help is particularly needed at the present time. Since 1824 the Institution has granted rewards for the saving of upwards of 38,000 lives on the coasts of the United Kingdom.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., 14 John Street, Adelphi, W.C., and by all the Banks in the United Kingdom.

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President.—The DUKE of WESTMINSTER, K.G.

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The List of Subscriptions will open on Monday, September 30th, and close at 4 o'clock the same day for Town and Country.

Applicants for Shares in this, the Parent Company, will have the right to prior Allotment in subsidiary Companies when formed.

A sufficient number of Shares to provide the required Working Capital having already been privately applied for, the Directors will proceed to Allotment immediately after the closing of the Lists.

The Imperial Western Australian Corporation, Ltd.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893, whereby the liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of their Shares)

Capital . . . £500,000.

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Issue of 50,000 Ordinary Shares,

Payable 2s. 6d. per Share on Application, 5s. per Share on Allotment, and the balance as and when required in Calls not exceeding 5s. per share.

Directors.—*Western Australia.*—Sir J. G. Lee-Steele, Perth, W.A., Speaker of the Legislative Assembly; Hon. H. W. Venn, M.L.A., Perth, W.A., Commissioner of Railways and Director of Public Works; Hon. S. H. Parker, Q.C., M.L.C., Perth, W.A., late Colonial Secretary. *England.*—⁸ Albert F. Calvert, Chairman, The North-West Australian Goldfields, Limited; and of the Consolidated Gold Mines of Western Australia, Limited; Director, Big Blow Gold Mines, Limited, 47 Old Broad Street, E.C.; Sir W. G. Davies, K.C.S.I., formerly Financial Commissioner of the Punjab, and a Member of the Legislative Council of India; Director, The Central Exploration Company of Western Australia, Limited, The Meadows, Claygate, Esher; William Graham Lloyd, Esq., Director of the Bank of Mauritius, Limited, 122 Cannon Street, E.C.

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

Bankers in London.—London & South-Western Bank, Limited, 170 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Bankers in Western Australia.—Union Bank of Australia, Limited, 1 Bank Buildings, Lothbury, & Western Australia.

Brokers.—Messrs. Marcus, Peckenik & Trew, 1 Angel Court, E.C.

Solicitors.—Messrs. Sutton, Osmanney & Rendall, 3 and 4 Great Winchester Street, E.C.

Auditors.—Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., 44 Gresham Street, E.C.

Secretary.—J. S. G. Campbell.

Offices.—3 & 4 Great Winchester Street, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS CORPORATION has been formed for the purpose of conducting the business usually carried on by an Exploration and Finance Corporation to prospect, acquire and develop, and otherwise deal with mining and other properties in the colony of Western Australia and elsewhere; to promote sub-companies to purchase, lease or work such properties; to purchase, resell, subdivide, lease, or otherwise deal with lands (including town sites), to obtain concessions for and construct Railways, Tramways, Electric Lighting, Harbour and other works in the colony of Western Australia, and in general to give effect to the objects mentioned in the Memorandum of Association.

In furtherance of the objects for which the Corporation has been formed, the Directors have, under the Agreement hereinafter referred to, acquired, paying for the same fully paid-up Shares only, the following properties:—

1. THE MOUNT PROPHECY GOLD MINE;
2. THE PERSEVERANCE GOLD MINE;
3. THE WESTERN SHAW GOLD MINES;
4. CERTAIN PATENTS FOR IMPROVEMENT IN DRY CRUSHING; also an interest in
5. THE STEAMER AND TRANSPORT COMPANY about to be established on the Swan River; and the right to take over, with the approval of the Directors,
6. A PUBLIC CRUSHER AT TOWERANNA CREEK, in North-West Australia, where a number of leases amounting to 105 acres have been taken up and are being worked.

At the same time the Corporation is in treaty for the purchase of certain mining and other properties and rights in Western Australia, which the Directors anticipate acquiring on favourable terms.

The Vendors have been approached and are at present completing arrangements for the erection of a Public Crushing Battery at Toweranna Creek in North-west Australia. All the Public Batteries in Australia are paying high returns, and at the Bamboo Creek Battery, where the cost of crushing is £2 10s. per ton, a handsome profit has been earned since its erection. Under the Agreement the Company acquires all interest in and benefit of the said arrangements. Taking into consideration the heavy and increasing demand for such a battery, and the large measure of profit shown in working it, the Directors anticipate a very remunerative return from this undertaking.

The Corporation has registered and made arrangements to issue The Western Australian Steam Packet and Transport Company, Limited, which is founded to provide steamers and other plant for the conveyance of passengers and goods on the Swan River, Western Australia, and such other waters as may be deemed desirable. The Company proposes to place at once one suitable passenger steamer, two steel barges which can be utilized for passengers or cargo, when required; and also to build a floating wooden dock of native Jarrah timber. This floating dock will, it is anticipated, form a profitable adjunct to the Company's operations, as all vessels requiring to be docked at present have to be lifted or careened, or proceed to the nearest dry dock at Adelaide (S.A.), distant over 1000 miles.

The Directors have arranged a sale to a subsidiary Company at a profit to the Corporation of the Mount Prophecy and Perseverance Gold Mines, and arrangements have been made for the issue at an early date of The Western Australian Steam Packet and Transport Company, Limited. The whole of the required Working Capital of such subsidiary Companies has been already subscribed.

The Directors of such subsidiary Companies will be pleased to answer any enquiries to intending Subscribers at the Registered Office of such Companies, situated at No. 24 Coleman Street, E.C.

The above-mentioned Agreements, Reports and the Memorandum and Articles of Association can be inspected at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendors (who also are the promoters of this Company and are reselling at a profit) at £250,000, payable as 10 £245,000 in fully-paid Ordinary Shares, and the balance in fully-paid Deferred Shares.

The Deferred Shares to be issued will be subject to the terms of the Memorandum of Association, and will receive no dividend in any year until a dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent per annum has been paid to the holders of the Ordinary Shares; the respective classes of Shares will then take a moiety of the remaining profits distributable by way of dividend.

The balance (£250,000) of the capital will be reserved for Working Capital and for the general purposes of this Company.

Applications for Shares must be made on the enclosed form, and be forwarded to the Bankers of the Company, together with a deposit of two shillings and sixpence per Share.

It is intended in due course to make application for a Stock Exchange quotation. Prospectuses and forms of application can be obtained at the Company's offices, and from the Company's bankers, solicitors and auditors.

26th September 1895.

NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN RAILWAY REORGANIZATION.

22 Old Broad Street, London, September 25, 1895.

MESSRS. J. S. MORGAN & CO. beg to call the special attention of Depositors to the following notice from the Reorganization Committee of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway System:—

"To the Holders of Reorganization Certificates or Receipts, under Agreement and Plan of Reorganization dated August 20, 1895, for Preferred Stock and Common Stock of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway Company.

"Payment of the second, third, and fourth instalments of \$2 each per Share on Preferred Stock, \$3 each per Share on Common Stock heretofore deposited under said plan, is hereby called for, and is payable at the Office of J. S. Morgan & Co., 22 Old Broad Street, London, or J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York, as follows:—

"Second instalment on or before October 21, 1895; third instalment on or before November 21, 1895; fourth instalment on or before December 23, 1895.

"All Holders of Reorganization Certificates or Receipts for such Stocks are notified to pay the several instalments as above, on or before the dates specified.

"Certificates or Receipts must be presented at the time of payment, so that same may be endorsed thereon.

"C. H. COSTER,
"LOUIS FITZGERALD, } Committee.
"A. J. THOMAS,

"New York, September 25, 1895."

N.B.—The rate of exchange for payments in London is 49½ per \$ until further notice.

NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN RAILWAY REORGANIZATION.

22, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., September 25, 1895.

MESSRS. J. S. MORGAN & Co. beg to call the special attention of Holders of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railway Second Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, Second Consolidated Mortgage Funded Coupon Bonds, Funded Coupon Five per Cent Bonds of 1885, and Income Bonds, and Chicago and Erie Railroad Company's Income Bonds, to the following Notice from the Reorganization Committee:—

"Reorganization of Erie System, under Plan and Agreement dated August 20, 1895.

"To the Holders of New York, Lake Erie and Western Second Consolidated Six per Cent, Second Consolidated Mortgage Funded Coupon Bonds, Funded Coupon Fives, and Income Bonds.

"Chicago and Erie Railroad Company's Income Bonds.

"All Holders of the above-mentioned Bonds, commonly known as 'Erie Second Consols,' 'Erie Funded Coupon Fives,' 'Erie Incomes,' 'Chicago and Erie Incomes,' are notified to deposit same on or before Friday, October 25, 1895, with either of the depositaries named in said plan, viz.: J. S. Morgan & Co., 22 Old Broad Street, London; or J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York. Bonds not deposited on or before that date will be received only on such terms as the Committee may hereafter determine. As the foreclosure sale of the Erie property has been fixed for November 6, prompt action by Bondholders is essential.

"C. H. COSTER,
"LOUIS FITZGERALD, } Committee.
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